THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH STING.

Frantic Efforts of the British Tories to Draw it out of the Home Rule Bill.

Cowardly Concessions Made by Gladstone and Morley Rebuked by Thomas Sexton and Others.

Amendments Rejected.

LONDON, May 31.—There was a fair attendance in the house of commons today notwithstanding the attractions of the Derby. Viscount Wolmer, Lord Salisbury's son-in-law and Liberal-Unionist member of porliament for West Edinburgh, moved as an amendment to the Home Rule bill that the Irish legislature should not be empowered to grant votes in supply respecting matters upon which they were forbidden to legislate. The proposed amendment was rejected by a vote of 240 to 188, after the closure had been ordered. Gen. Goldsworthy, Conservative member of parliament for Hammersmith, moved an amendment to abolish the office of viceroy for Ireland and to substitute a secretary of state. Gen. Goldsworthy said he hoped to see members of the British royal family residing in Ireland and was sure they would speedily win the affections of the Irish people.

Prime Minister Gladstone said he concurred in this hope, but nevertheless it was impossible to accept the proposed amendment.

Mr. Balfour said he had never been a strong advocate of the retention of a viceroy in Ireland, and he would certainly support the amendment. It seemed seemed clear that the functions the bill proposed to throw upon the viceroy could not possibly be performed.

Gen. Goldsworthy's motion was rejected by a vote of 265 to 219.

Mr. Healy obtained leave to introduce a bill to repeal the act of William IV. relating to the display of flags and other emblems on licensed premises.

Labouchere Wants to Know.

LONDON, June 1.—In the house of commons today Mr. Labouchere, M. P. for Northampton, addressed a series of questions to the government with the view of obtaining definite information as to whether the foreign office had authorized Sir Gerald Portal to proclaim a British protectorate in Uganda. Sir Edward Grey, under secretary to the foreign office, persisted in referring Mr. Labouchere to the published instructions given to Sir Gerald Portal when he went on his mission.

In response to inquiries as to the relations between Great Britain and triple alliance, Sir Edward Grey stated that no pledge, unknown to parliament, had been given to any power that was a member of the triple alliance.

Sir Arnold Forester, Liberal Unionist, made a motion to adjourn, in order to obtain an opportunity for debate on the growth of crime in the counties of Kerry and Limerick, Ireland.

Mr. Arnold Forester accused Chief Secretary Morley of being apathetic toward the increase of crime in Ireland.

Chief Secretary Morley admitted the increase of crime in Limerick, but contested the accuracy of Mr. Arnold Forester's figures. He said there had not been a single moonlight outrage since April.

The division on Sir Arnold Forester's motion to adjourn resulted in its defeat. The house then went into committee on the Home Rule bill. Mr. Gladstone accepted the proposed amendment that the right to interfere in hostilities between foreign countries be excepted from the powers of the Irish legislature.

George Wyndham, Conservative for Dover, proposed to exclude from the control of the Irish authorities all Irish police except the local forces under local officials. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion.

Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, spoke at length in support of Mr. Wyndham's amendment. Clause 3, he said, was supposed to provide that the Irish legislature should not have power to make laws concerning military or naval forces or the defense of the realm. Unless some such check as that suggested by the member for Dover were adopted, however, half the provision must remain as worthless as the paper it was printed on. What in the clause in question limited the right of the Irish legislature to increase the strength of the constabulary? Unless the amendment were adopted there would be nothing to prevent the Irish government from forming an army to its own under pretense of organizing or developing this constabulary. The central police force is undoubtedly well adapted to the present needs of Ireland, but under the new Irish government it would probably be used as means to a far different end. One might prophesy with a reasonable certainty that it would be made an instrument to accomplish the oppression of Ulster. A few months' training, moreover, would turn the constabulary into a formidable military force such as the Irish government ought not to control. To allow this was pure lunacy. By sanctioning an act under which such things were possible parliament would virtually grant to Ireland the disposition of a semi-military organization which in the critical days of the imperial government might push Great Britain to severe straits. (Prolonged Unionist cheers.)

Mr. Morley; chief secretary for Ireland, in replying to Mr. Balfour, reminded the members that the bill did not place the Irish police under the central authority in Dublin. In fact, he said, it expressly stipulated that such should not be the case.

Mr. Balfour—Nothing in the bill prevents the formation of a new constabulary.

Mr. Morley—It would be in direct contravention of the bill if the Irish legislature should make laws organizing a force on anything like military lines.

Mr. Goshen, chancellor of the exchequer in the last Salisbury cabinet insisted that the safeguards provided by the bill against misuse of the constabulary were quite inadequate.

Mr. Gladstone said he was satisfied that no semi-military force under the name of police could be legally constituted in Ireland under the bill. Nevertheless, if the prohibitions already proposed appear to be insufficient, he was willing to insert in the bill words to meet the case beyond all doubt.

After this declaration Mr. Wyndham, in accordance with Mr. Balfour's advice, withdrew his amendment.

Somewhat later Mr. Morley accepted for the government an amendment excepting from the control of the Irish government, magazines, arsenals, forts, naval dock yards and other similar means for the defense of the realm.

Guilty, But Irresponsible.

LONDON, June 1.—William Townsend, the man who was arrested on the charge of having discharged a pistol in Downing street, but really on suspicion of intent to murder Prime Minister Gladstone, and who was subsequently charged with having sent to Mr. Gladstone a letter threatening to take Mr. Gladstone's life, was put on trial today at the Old Bailey. The defense offered was that Townsend was insane. After hearing the evidence the jury found that Townsend was guilty of the crime charged against him, but was irresponsible for his actions. The judge hereupon ordered that Townsend should be confined during her majesty's pleasure, the usual order made when convicted persons are held to be irresponsible on the ground of insanity.

Irish Shipping Under Home Rule.

LONDON, June 2.—In the house of commons today Mr. Gladstone replying to an inquiry said all matters connected with Irish shipping would remain under the control of the board of trade under the Home Rule bill.

In the debate today on an amendment offered by E. W. Byrne the Irish members showed for the first time that they thought the government was conceding too much without consulting them. Mr. Byrne's amendment was intended to prevent the Irish legislature from enacting laws in respect to the use of arms by armed associations for drilling purposes.

Joseph Chamberlain said to permit such use would be tantamount to permitting the formation of armed forces which might be improperly used.

Chief Secretary Morley said the government would accept the amendment debarring the Irish legislature from permitting the use of arms for military purposes.

Here Thos. Sexton, Nationalist M. P. for North Kerry, interposed. He spoke in opposition to the proposed amendment and expressed the opinion that in regard to such an amendment, as also the amendment of the previous evening forbidding the oaganization of a national constabulary under Irish authority, representative Irish opinion ought to be allowed to speak before the government, replied. The amendment was rejected by 283 to 245.

Colonel Lockwood, Conservative, for West Essex, moved that the "Irish legislature be prohibited from dealing in the sale or purchase of arms and explosives." The amendment was rejected after a short debate by a vote of 294 to 254.

William Broderick, Conservative for the Guilford Division of Surrey, proposed that the Irish legislature be prohibited from dealing with the powers and privileges of the armed forces stationed in Ireland. His motion evoked a spirited protest from Sir William Harcourt. The intent of the opposition, Sir William said, apparently was to treat the future legislature of Ireland as a monster of folly and crime. Such a presumption was without excuse, and would be quite unworthy of parliament. The Dublin legislature would be no more likely to interfere with the army in the exercise of its duties than to promote the manufacture of dynamite. The amendment in question could not be contemplated in justice to the Irish people. The amendment was defeated on division by 289 to 249.

Ballybrack Mrs. Davitt's Property.

DUBLIN, June 2.—Michael Davitt, recently member of parliament for North-east Cork, was examined today in bankruptcy proceedings, instituted because he has been unable to pay the costs of the North Meath election contest, which resulted in his being unseated. Mr. Davitt said he had objected to the project for a public subscription to help him out of his pecuniary difficulties. Among his assets is a debt of £400 due to him by the Gaelic Athletic Association, the debt having been paid by Mr. Davitt to save the members of the association from arrest for non-payment of a hotel bill in Philadelphia. The association had promised Patrick Ford that they would repay him, but had failed to do so. Mr. Davitt denied having rushed into bankruptcy in order to hasten his return to parliament.

The court has decided that the Land League cottage, Ballybrack which was given as a wedding present when Mr. Davitt was married in 1887, is, with its contents, the property of Mrs. Davitt, and cannot be touched in the bankruptcy proceedings.

SOUTANE AND SWORD.

The Very Rev. Father Corby's Eloquent "Memoirs of Chaplain Life" in the Union Army.

Dealing Chiefly With Gen. Meagher's Famous Command, the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac.

THE CITIZEN has great pleasure in excerpting the subjoined chapter from the highly interesting work, entitled "Memoirs of Chaplain Life" recently published by the Very Rev. W. Corby, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, Ind. The book itself is most fascinating, and ought to have a wide circulation, especially among the Irish and Catholic population of this country, the valorous deeds of whose compatriots and coreligionists it ably records. At present, it is only to be had at the publication office of *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame University, Ind., and its net retail price is $1.50. Following is Chapter III of the book:

Fathers Dillon and Ouellet, being in New York when the brigade started for Camp California, Virginia, went on with it; but I, who enlisted and was "mustered in the service" at the same time with the above Fathers, could not, and did not, reach Camp California till sometime later. I was transacting business in the interest of Notre Dame in Illinois and Wisconsin when the news of my appaintment by the governor of New York reached me, and as soon as I could dispose of the business matter, I started directly for Washington, D.C., where I arrived, ready to "report for duty," in the fall of 1861. As mentioned above, Fathers Dillon, Ouellet, and Corby were in charge of three regiments, each forming, as it were, a congregation. During the winter we spent our time in much the same way as parish priests do, except in this—we had no old women to bother us, or pew rent to collect. We celebrated mass, heard confessions, preached on Sundays and holy days. During the week, many minor duties occupied us. We were called on at times to administer the pledge to a few who had been indulging too freely, to settle little difficulties, and encourage harmony and good will; to instruct such as needed private lessons on special points of religion, and everywhere to elevate the standard of religion, morality, and true patriotism. This formed the winter's work not only for the chaplains of the Irish Brigade, but also for all Catholic priests so engaged. But as I started out with the idea that the Irish Brigade was as it were, "headquarters" for Catholic labors, I must keep to it.

Here let me say a word about General Thomas Francis Meagher, whose character is, I think, not well understood by many. Gen. Meagher was more than an ordinary gentleman. He possessed high toned sentiments and manners, and the bearing of a prince. He had a superior intellect, a liberal education, was a fine classical writer, and a born orator. He was very witty, but more inclined to humor; was fond of witty or humorous persons, and admired those who possessed such gifts. He was a great lover of his native land, and passionately opposed to its enemies; strong in his faith, which he never concealed, but, on the contrary, published it above-board; and, wherever he went he made himself known as a "Catholic and an Irishman." He was well instructed in his religion, and I should have pitied the one who had the temerity to speak disparagingly of it in his presence. Although not what we would call a pious man, he loved his faith, and assisted in making religion take a front rank. For example: With his natural fondness for sport, and with a desire to keep up life and energy in his command, he would make elaborate preparations for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day; and while organizing steeple chases, hurdle races, etc, in the morning, all attended mass and listened to the sermon; he, in person, acting as master of ceremonies, directing the band when to play during the divine service; but this will be noticed more in extenso in a future chapter.

The above shows something of the character of the man. Besides being, as we all know, as brave as a lion, he did not neglect going to confession from time to time, especially before battles. It is to be regretted that, at times, especially when no fighting was going on, and time grew heavy on his hands, his convivial spirit would lead him too far. But by no means must it be concluded from this that he was a drunkard. It was not for love of liquor, but for the love of sport and joviality that he thus gave way, and these occasions were few and far between.* Besides, he was polite and gentlemanly, even when under the influance of liquor; never sinking to anything low or mean, beyond indulging too freely in unguarded moments. His appearance was very much in his favor, being one of the finest looking officers in the whole army; and, mounted on a magnificent horse, surrounded by a "brilliant staff" of young officers, he was a fit representative of any nation on earth. It is not surprising, then, that a man of his intellect and noble personal character drew around him, not a low, uneducated class, but rather refined and gentlemanly officers and men, recruited mostly from New York; while many came from Boston, Philadelphia, Jersey, and even from Europe, to join his standard.

The officers of his command were, for the most part, men of superior education, gallant beyond any around them in the army; and as for bravery, this this they imbibed with their mother's milk, yea, it was born in them."† The "rank and file" was composed of healthy, intelligent men, far above the average, and in many cases of liberal education. Here I would state that I frequently noticed superior men on guard, and engaged in other inferior duties. In my regiment, as private soldiers, there were seven first class lawyers! Last, but not least, the surgeons of this brigade were among the first in the army—Dr. Reynolds had no superior. This little bit of personal history is necessary to show that the Irish Brigade was not entirely unworthy the title of "Headquarters of the Church in the Army of the Potomac." Moreover, it shows with what material chaplains had to deal. Remember, too, that this great body of officers and men was, I might say, entirely Catholic, and one may easily infer that the influence, for good or evil, was considerable. When, later, the brigade was joined by the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiments, besides McMahon's battery and the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania—many of the four last being Catholic—there was a body of about 4,000 Catholic men marching—most of them—to death, but also to the glory of their church and country. I regret that I have not more data concerning the illustrious Corcoran Legion. But were we to count in the Legion composed of 3,000 Irish Catholics; the Ninth Massachusetts, with 800; the Third Bregade (known as the "Excelsior," with Father O'Hagan as chaplain), in which there were no less than 1,300 of the same faith, we should number, in solid bodies alone in the Army of the Potomac over 9,000 Catholic soldiers, not to mention odd numbers in every regiment in the army. A full page of history, in all justice, should be given to such a respectable body of Christian soldiers—uuique in character, unique in faith, unique in nationality; but ever brave and true in support of their adopted country.

*It has been insinuated that he was in liquor when he was drowned in the Missouri river; but tuis is contradicted by the Rev. J. St. Onge, then missionary out West among the Indians, and now pastor in Troy, N.Y.

†Several officers who served in the Austrian army, and in various other armies, figured later on in the Irish Brigade, and many distinguished Irish Catholic officers and men who served in the Papal Brigade in defense of the temporal power of his Holiness, subsequently joined the Irish Brigade here. Many others from the same organization were to be found in various parts of the Army of the Potomac.

FALSE ASPERSIONS ON THE IRISH.

A prominent Republican in the senate at Albany the other day acknowledged there was no better governed city in America than New York. Choate and the rest allege that the Irish rule New York and that it is badly governed. The English assailant of the Irish, Chamberlain, has taken up these hostile parrot cries. At the Guildhall meeting on May 3, he said: "Wherever Irishmen had unrestricted control of finance, whether in the municipalities of our colonies or in the United States of America, their control has always been followed by financial ruin and disaster."

Challenged for proof he answers: "Only an accidental allusion in the course of a long argument. I may say, however, that I believe it to be a matter of general notoriety that the expenses of many of the colonial and American municipalities are very much greater in proportion than those of cities of similar size in Great Britain." Thus the second hand libeler was silenced.

Speaking of this the Dublin *Herald* said: "Mr. Chamberlain has declined to enter into details when an Irish member who invited him to justify his aspersions upon Irishmen in connection with municipal finances. We often wonder why Irishmen have not carried the war into the enemy's camp on this same subject of municipal corruption. Let Mr. Chamberlain look at home. Look at Salford and its gasworks scandals. Look at the city of London with hundreds of wealthy men gorging themselves with turtle and champagne at the expense of trust funds left by charitable persons for the benefit of the poor. Irishmen at their worst have never been so tarred as were a mutitude of aldermen and others by the disclosures before the select committee on the city guilds."

This experience of the jaunty Brummagem snarler at the Irish added to the rueful experience of Choate at the hands of Mayor Gilroy the other day, ought to be a lesson to those who wish to distinguish themselves by running down the Irish. They should first be sure they are right before they go ahead for glory.—*The Catholic Weekly Union, June 3.*

To Restrict the Legislature.

LONDON, June 6.—In the house of commons today J. G. Butcher, Conservative M. P. for York, moved to amend the Irish Home Rule bill in such a manner as to prevent the Irish legislature from enacting laws in reference to the crimes of conspiracy, combination, unlawful assembly, rioting, and crimes against the person. Irish Chief Secretary Morley said that nothing would be surer to promote friction between Great Britain and Ireland than the adoption of such an amendment.

Mr. Butcher's amendment was rejected by a vote of 317 to 276.

Sir Henry James, Liberal-Unionist, then offered a motion to the effect that among the powers reserved from the Irish legislature should be the power of dealing with sedition. Home Secretary Asquith opposed the motion on the ground that there might be sedition against the Irish government, and therefore the Irish legislature ought to have power to deal with such sedition. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 304 to 255.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

SCOURGED THE BIGOTS.

Eloquent Philippic Against the Knownothings Delivered by Father Sherman at Kansas City.

Men Who Make Creed a Political Test are Traitors to the American Constitution.

Father Thomas E. Sherman lectured on "True Americanism" to an immense audience at Columbia hall, Kansas City, Sunday evening week. When Father Sherman stepped on the stage he said: "I appear before yot tonight, not as the representative of a creed, not as the priest of a church, but as a simple American citizen," and continued in part as follows:

It is the first principle of our constitu- that we should all enjoy religious liberty. This is something which is taken for granted by all—something we would not have brought into the arena of politics, because it was settled when the constitution was promulgated. There shall be no religious test for office. So it is written in our gospel of American freedom. Therefore it is un-American that such a test should be applied. He that stands up to make that test stands against the constitution of the United States—and he is a traitor. The men who band themselves together for this purpose are traitors and cowards, for they work in the dark. When Benedict Arnold made up his mind to betray his country he found an excuse, just as Judas did. He wrote a letter to the American people in which he said the ranks of the army were full of Catholics, and asked what assurance there was that they would not deliver this country over to the Pope. These men identify themselves with Arnold because they strike down the sacred theme of religion. I found in Detroit and Toledo that the men who form the strength of this organization were those traditional enemies of liberty and Catholicism, the Orangemen. I firmly believe that these men don't know there is a constitution—that they know nothing of allegiance to the United States.

Surely it is not forgotten that one-half of Washington's army were Catholics. Now, after a century, when no Catholic has raised his hand against the country, we find ourselves proscribed. I thought this midway between a nightmare and a bad joke, but up at Saginaw I found an actual persecution in full operation. The Catholics are proscribed in business, in politics, in the renting of houses, in society, and in every other possible way. And the Catholics of course retaliate. In Omaha, too, these sectaries have grown. This is not a difference between Protestantism and Catholicism—Protestantism began in the light, in the demand to have matters of faith discussed openly and among the people. It is Orangeism. This crowd is made up of Orangemen, some Scandinavians and Danes, together with some spavined hacks in politics and a few fallen Catholic priests. They strike, we strike back, and thus the war begins. They plot and write in secret.

They say the Catholics want to bring about a union of church and state. If that assertion were true there would be a color to their cause. In the abstract theory some union of church and state is necessary. I contend that in America the abstract principle is satisfied. In the practice, we must not, dare not, have such union. The Orangemen are our traditional enemies—they oppose our constitution. The methods of our foes and the character of the work has been placed under your notice often enough, no doubt. They spread broadcast the most vile of literature, and libel and defame not only the most sacred institutions of our religion but cast an insult upon your wives, your daughters and your mothers.

They say no Catholic can be loyal. Nor can he be, according to their standard of loyalty, for they are loyal to William of Orange. William of Orange is dead—though unburied, evidently, for his carcass yet pollutes our atmosphere.

They are set with Cromwell, these loyalists, and would give to free America a test of that religious persecution which crept through Ireland long ago. The repeated and unjustifiable attacks of these enemies of Catholics are absurd. It is a stupendous parade of ignorance. In the celebrated Knownothing campaign of the past similar attacks were made and, I am sorry to say, resulted in prejudicing many people against the Catholic church, until fair minded American citizens took the platform and and with pistols on the table in front of them, proceeded to talk reason to the more rabid exponents of Knownothingism. There was soon a change of sentiment. The people were convinced that there was no danger from the papal power. The papal power is a spiritual power and not a political power.

If the Pope imagined that he had political power and called upon me to renounce my allegiance as an American citizen to the president of the United States, and the elected chief of the American nation, I would resist the Pope. If President Cleveland called upon me to renounce my spiritual allegiance to the Pope as vicar of Christ and head of the church, I would resent such an interference.

It was a Roman Catholic that planted the Stars and Stripes on the parapet at Vicksburg after three other Union soldiers had fallen in the attempt. It was a Roman Catholic who led the most dashing charge on that occasion and fell just outside the trenches of the enemy. Had it not been for Irish bayonets and the soldiers who came over with Lafayette in the revolution how would American independence have been gained? When these Orangemen carry the Union banner into a hotter place than the parapet or the trenches we will approve their loyalty, but when they carry it into a little dark room and secretly cry out Americanism, then we cry—rats.

We are proud as proud can be of our patriotic record. We wish to have all careers open to our young men. Was any Catholic ever president? Have any of us ever threatened or complained? Missouri's first settlers were Catholics. How many Catholic governors has she had? In the United States there are 10,000,000 Catholics. Out of eighty-eight United States senators ten are Catholics; forty members of congress are Catholics. Is this out of proportion? Is it even in rroportion?

They say the Catholics get too many city offices. It so happens that most Catholics in this country come from oppressed nations, and that they settled in the cities, for two reasons: First, they were not wealthy enough to buy farms, and second, because the cities afforded better church facilities. It also happens that in this country numbers rule. Boston and New York are ruled by Catholics because they are in the majority, and the majority rules. But a man should not be voted for because he is a Catholic. It is not a crime to do this, but it is un-American. It is a crime, however, when we band together and say we will not vote for a man because he is a Methodist, a Baptist, an Episcopalian or a Jew. Many of you remember the stirring times in 1854, when Knownothingism swept the country with fire and sword. Who then defended the rights of Catholics? Not the Catholics or the Catholic priests—these had no voice. It was the great politicians of the Democratic party who did this. I belong to neither party, but my inclinations are Republican.

One of the causes of the defeat of the Republican party last year was its effort to drag religion into politics. I will say to the grand old party, here and now, you need a rebuke. If you want to succeed again, you must help us clear the air. We want a fair field. No party can exist that allows a secret society to creep into its ranks. There must be open expression against Knownothingism. I have no quarrel with the great secret organizations that are banded together for charity, fraternity and benevolence, like the Freemasons, the Knights of Pythias, or such. I speak against Knownothingism and its secret work. Men fight face to face. Men never go into secret lodges to fight. Men never expose the honor of women. If manhood in America ceases to protect women, then God help America. The only question with us is whether a man is a man, and whether he will obey the constitution.

THE TROCADERO.

The latest trump card played by the Trocadero—the great music hall enterprise conducted in Chicago by Dr. F. Ziegfeld and associate capitalists—is the engagement of one of the most talented of America's vocal contributions to Europe, Miss Effie Stewart, who came direct from a brilliant season with the Carl Rosa opera company, of London, to fulfill a World's Fair date at the Trocadero, following which she returns to the same organization for next winter. Miss Stewart is a native of Cleveland, O., who for the past five years has sung in oratorio, concert and opera in Europe, and has built for herself a reputation quite out of the ordinary in the musical field. On last Monday evening she appeared at the Trocadero and captivated music-lovers at once. She demonstrated her entire worthiness of the many glowing tributes paid her by the critical faculty abroad and took rank as a singer of rare talent and great personal magnetism. Her voice is a soprano of dramatic quality and her selections displayed her powers to the utmost.

The quartette of great features which made the Trocadero famous in the first month of its career devolop new charms constantly. There is earnest talk of inducing the management to permit the Iwanoff Russian troupe to appear in the World's exposition musical programmes in the Russian division, many of those who have heard the charming folk songs and witnessed their quaint national dances declaring that they belong to the great World's Fair itself.

The marvellous Von Bulow band has won a popular victory over the best bands engaged by the World's Fair, and is a drawing card of great value, while the Voros Miska Hungarian orchestra entrances the lovers of impassioned string music. The fourth feature of the original quartette is Cyrene, the eccentric dancer from the Alhambra, London, whose engagement at the Trocadero is near its close and whose vogue is immense with the public. Other novelties embracing the best of the refined specialties procurable in Europe or America keep this institution abreast of the demand for varied entertainment, following each other, as they do from week to week.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ADVENTURE IN GALWAY.

"Rome boasts seven hills, the Nile its seven-fold stream,
Around the Pole seven radiant planets gleam:
Galway, Connacian Rome, twice equals these—
She boasts twice seven illustrious families;
Twice seven high towers defend her lofty walls,
And polished marble decks her splendid halls;
Twice seven her massive gates, o'er which arise
Twice seven strong castles, towering to the skies;
Twice seven her bridges, through whose arches flow
The silvery tides, majestically slow:
Her ample church with twice seven altars flames—
A heavenly patron every altar claims;
While twice seven convents pious anthems raise—
Seven for each sex—to sound Jehovah's praise."

The noon of a fine May day saw the band of horsemen, of which Edmund O'Tracy was one, entering into Galway. It was our hero's first visit to the celebrated city of the Tribes, and as he rode with his companions through the ancient, narrow streets, and looked up at the quaint dwellings of the Galwegians, the high-peaked, overhanging gables of the residences of the thrifty burghers, and the stately palatial mantions of the patricians, his admiration increased more and more at each new token of the wealth, piety, and art of the old Connacian town. On every side arose, in proud array, magnificent edifices, built in the picturesque Spanish style of architicture, which commerce had brought to Galway, each bearing on its high façade of green marble the richly-sculptured coat-of-arms of the Blakes or Bodkins, Lynches or Frenches, Devlins or Darcys, Browns or Martins, or of some other of the fourteen families of merchant princes in whose veins ran the *sangue azul* of the miniature Venice; for Galway was in the heyday of its grandeur and prosperity. Its marts were thronged with eager sellers and buyers; there was a bustling crowd on its quays, where cranes were creaking and porters panting and struggling under their burdens; while richly-freighted ships (white winged messengers of commerce) were crowding its docks or gliding into and out of its broad bay—the fine sheet of water which had floated at different periods of history the fleets of Conchobhar of Arran and his Firbolgs, of Lughaidh Mac Con and his Britons, of Simon de Jorse and his Welshmen, as well as the humble currachs bearing the cross of St. Edna the Holy, or St. Brendan the Navigator, and the stout warships carrying the dark Raven Banner of the ferocious Danes, and which was now bearing the commerce of nations to the fine old-fashioned city of western Connacht—

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng."

Still, although Galway speedily appeared to Edmund, as it did to his celebrated literary contemporary, Dr. John Lynch, "what Jerusalem was to Jeremiah—a city of most perfect beauty," his eye soon detected traces of the barbarous destruction which had visited it at intervals as the reward of its loyalty to the British crown. The monasteries had suffered most at the ruthless hands of the legal bigot. That of the Franciscans, on Stephen's Island, to the north, was in a dilapidated condition; as was also the Dominican monastery, on the hill to the west—the site of the fanatic Lord Forbes' battery two years previously, when, in a rage at his failure to take the town, he dug up and burnt the coffins and bones of the dead; and the Augustinian friary, the stately pile erected by the pious wife of Stephen Lynch on the hill where the poor shipwrecked Spaniards of the Armada were fusiladed by the merciless deputy Fitzwilliam, was in a similar ruinous state.

The little party of cavaliers rode leisurely along, and halted, through curiosity, at the bridge over the Lough Corrib river—the "shallow vehement stream of fair, crystalline water," which rushed on with ten thousand horse-power as impetuously as in the days when the hapless Lady Gailleamh (from whom Galway took its name) was drowned in its rapid torrent. The attention of Edmund and his fellow-horsemen was fixed on several fishermen standing on the battlements of the bridge, who were engaged in a curious method of fishing. Each man had his gaze fixed intently on the rapid water beneath him, and bore, poised in his hand, a trident spear with a handle about five feet long, to which a long rope was attached. Suddenly one of the men darted this implement downwards into the water, and, instantly hauling on the rope, brought up a large salmon, fresh and dripping, impaled on the sharp points of the trident.

"Well done, old fellow," cried one of the horsemen; "'tis little I'd like to be a *bradhaun* under your spear."

"*Na be moggu*, avic," was the quick response; "troth there are queerer fish than you in the river, and they were never caught yet."

Laughing at this mild sally, the party pushed onward through the town. A motley multitude filled every thoroughfare. The old Galwegian law, which provided "that neither O ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Galway," was totally abrogated for the time being, and crowds of the Irish folk from the surrounding country rubbed shoulders with the Galwegians to the manor born. Here was a group of respectable city fathers discussing Clanrickard's policy or the latest intelligence from Kilkenny: and here a crowd of stalwart Connemara mountaineers, the "ferocious O'Flaherties" and their retainers—"Ire-Connaught rogues, in their trouses and broages, all armed with pikes, skeans, and swords," as the wife of an English officer of the Galway garrison afterwards described them. These sturdy highlanders it was who had sounded the key-note of insurrection in west Connacht, when, two years previously, they marched eighteen hundred strong, headed by their hereditary chieftain, Murrogh O'Flaherty of the Reeves, "a tall, swarthy young man," and laid siege to the fort of Galway, making the town their own, and striking terror into the English inhabitants, until the priests of Galway, in their vestments, with tapers burning and the sacrament borne before them, traversed the streets, exhorting Murrogh and his men, "for Christ's sake, and Our Lady's, and St. Patrick's, that they would shed no more blood, and if tney did they would never have mercy."

On through the crowd rode our horsemen until, on reaching an inn which was a favorite resort of the Irish soldiers, the party halted at the command of their leader, Captain Skerrett. Dismounting, they led their horses to the stables, rubbed them down, and furnished them with provender. This duty done, the men partook of a plentiful repast. Edmund and his superior dined a little apart from the rest, and as soon as their meal was finished, and they were sufficiently rested and refreshed, the captain proposed a ramble through the streets.

"Of course, lieutenant," remarked the latter, "you understand that, being a Skerrett, I am a thorough Galway man myself, so that after nigh a twelvemonth's absence, I am rather anxious to have a look around our old city, and see what changes have taken place since I rode out of the East Gate in July last."

Wrapping their cloaks around them, the pair sauntered forth into the narrow streets, which were still occupied by a considerable throng, although the summer evening was far advanced. As they passed along, they heard, high above all other sounds, the sweet and solemn music of a church bell.

"The bell of St. Nicholas'," remarked Captain Skerrett; "splendid old bell! I have been familiar with its musical tones since my infancy; but I wonder why it rings this evening?"

Suddenly, on turning a corner of the street they were traversing, they found themselves in the midst of a stream of people moving in the direction of the sound. Tapping an aged Galwegian on the shoulder, Skerrett inquired as to the particular devotions in the church of St. Nicholas on that night.

"Why, my friend," was the reply, "know you not that our young men are going to renew the oath of the confederation tonight, and that Dean Kirwan is to preach?" And the speaker continued on his way.

"Well, what think you? Shall we go to St. Nicholas'?" inquired Sherrett of his companion.

"With all my heart, captain," answered the latter. Then, following the route of the human stream flowing by them, they moved towards the church of St. Nicholas.

It was a fine, antique building—this monument of the wealth, piety, and art of old Catholic Galway, dedicated to St. Nicholas of Myra, in Licia, the tutelary saint of mariners, on whose annual feast, the 6th of December, the hospitality and conviviality of Galway was at its height. It stood on the bank of the river, on a gentle eminence, the site of a small chapel, formerly the only place of worship in the town, and, both in extent and architectural beauty, it did honor to "the tribes." It had well escaped the ravages of the Reformers, and looked as perfect as it did at its completion in 1484; while its mitred warden or *quasi*-bishop, and its eight choral vicars were now in as prominent existence as their predecessors had been at their original institution. The College of St. Nicholas stood adjacent; and both church and college reflected the utmost renown on their most generous benefactors, the two Lynches, viz., Dominick the Black, whose armorial bearings, uninjured by age, were visible over the transom of the gate of the college, of which building he was the principal founder, and his son Stephen, whose wife built the Augustinian abbey already mentioned, and who himself built the southern side of the church of polished green marble his coat-of-arms, a shield, with three golden shamrocks on an azure ground, being displayed on the topmost part of the wall, near the eaves, where the swallows had built their little dwellings of clay.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Colann gan Cheann.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Má's leat é," ar Dómhnal, "rachad go ceann eile." Chuaidh sé go ceann eile, agus nuair chrom sé le tarraing, dubhairt Colann-gan-cheann, "is liom-sa an bairille sin." "Ní leat iad uile," ar Dómhnal, rachad go ceann eile." Chuaidh sé go ceann eile agus nuair tholsigh sé a' tarraing dubhairt Colann-gan-cheann, "is liom-sa é sin." "Is coma liom," ar Dómhnal, "lionfad mo chrúisgin." Rinne sé sin, agus thainig suas ag an bhfear bocht, acht nior innis sé dhó go bhfacaidh sé Colann-gan-cheann. Ann sin thoisigh siad ag ithe agus ag ól, go raibh an crúisgin folamh. Ann sin dubhairt Dómhnal, "is é d'am-sa le dul sios anois agus an crúisgin do lionadh." Fuair an fear bocht an choinneal agus an crúisgin agus chuaidh sios annsan t-solléar. Thoisigh sé ag tarraing as bairille nuair chualaidh sé guth ag rádh, "Is liom-sa an bairille sin." D'fheuch sé suas, agus nuair chonnairc sé Colann-gan-cheann leig sé do'n chrúisgin agus do'n choinneal tuitim, agus as go bráth leis, suas ag Dómhnal. "Cá bhfuil an chrúisgin agus an choinneal?" ar Dómhnal. "O, is beag nach bhfuil mé marbh," ar san fear bocht, "chonnairc me fear gan cheann le n-a dhá chois sgartha air an mbairille, agus dubhairt sé go mbudh leis í." "Ní dheunfadh sé aon anachain ort," ar Dómhnal, "bhi sé ann sin nuair chuaidh misc sios, éirigh agus tabhair chugam an crúisgin agus an choinneal." "Ní rachfainn sios aris dá bhfághainn Eire gan roinn," ar san fear bocht. Chuaidh Dómhnal sios, agus thug suas an crúisgin lionta. "An bhfacaidh tu Colann-gan-cheann?" ar san fear bocht. "Chonnairc me," ar Dómhnal, "acht ni dhéarna sé aon dochar orm."

Bhidheadar ag ól go rabhadar leath air meisge. Ann sin dubhairt Dómhnal, "tá sé ann am dúinn dul 'nn ar g-codladh; cia an áit b'fhearr leat, air coluadh no ag an mballa?"

"Rachad anaice leis an mballa," ar san fear bocht. Chuadar annsan leabuidh, ag fágbháil na coinnle 'nna lasadh.

Ní rabhadar a bhfad 'sa' leabuidh, go bhfacadar tríúr fear a' teacht asteach, agus cuditromán - aca. Thoisigheadar ag bualadh báire air an urlár acht bhi beirt aca anaghaidh aoin. Dubhairt Dómhnal leis an bhfear bocht, "Ni'l sé ceart do bheirt do bheith anaghaidh aoin," agus leis sin léim sé amach, agus thoisigh sé ag cuideachtan leis an taoibh laig, agus é gan snáithe air. Ann sin thoisigh siad ag gáiridhe, agus shiúbhail siad amach.

Chuaidh Dómhnal ann a leabuidh aris, acht ni raibh sé a bhfad ann, go dtáinig piobaire asteach, ag seinm ceoil bhinn. "Eirigh suas," ar Dómnal, "go mbéidh damhsa 'gainn, is mór an truagh ceol breágh do leigeant amúgha." "Air do bheatha, na corruigh," ar san fear bocht. Thug Dómhnal léim amach, agus thóisigh ag damhsa, go raibh sé sáruighthe. Ann sin thoisigh an piobaire ag gáiridhe, agus shiúbhail amach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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LITERARY.

The Founding of the City of Washington.

The act for the establishment of the city, which resulted from a compromise, passed on July 10, 1790, and gave the President power to appoint three commissioners, who were to select a site, and take the necessary land between the Potomac and what was known as its Eastern branch, on the Maryland side, and an equal amount opposite on the Virginia side, the whole district thus taken to be ten miles square. So said, so done. The commissioners were appointed and the land taken. Washington, who was in those early stages the controlling mind in the whole affair, took the deepest interest in the selection of the site, and in all that pertained to the new city which was to bear his name and to be built so near his own home. After the land had been taken, the next step was to secure an engineer to lay out the new capital, and Washington's choice fell upon Major L'Enfant, a French officer who had served as one of our allies in the Revolution. So far as the work went, this choice was an excellent one, and L'Enfant produced an admirable plan, on which the city has practically been laid out, and which today is a proved success. But although L'Enfant could plan a city, he could not deal with other men. He was hot-tempered and impatient. He quarreled with the commissioners and with Mr. Carroll, one of the principal land-owners of the neighborhood, and in fact proved an extremely difficult person to get on with. At last he flatly refused to publish his plan, because he said speculators would take advantage of it. Thereupon Washington dismissed him, and appointed Andrew Ellicott, who took up the work where L'Enfant dropped it, and very wisely followed as closely as he could the plan of the talented but irritable Frenchman.

This, however, was the least part of the work—a mere preface to what remained to be done. It is comparatively easy to select engineers and to survey land, but the building of a city is a more difficult problem, and takes a good deal of time, as the proverb inculcating patience tells us in regard to Rome. The territory selected for the new capital when L'Enfant and Ellicott surveyed it was merely a stretch of rather poor farming land, with underlying clay and much surface gravel, which reached from Rock Creek on the west to the Eastern branch on the east, and was bordered along the south by the Potomac. In all these many acres there were then only two or three scattered farm-houses, with their negro quarters gathered about them. The house of John Burns, one of the principal farmers and land-owners, still stands at the foot of Seventeenth street, below the White House. It looks today, in its desolate old age, little better than a negro shanty, and is entirely overshadowed by the Van Ness house, built later by John Burns' son-in-law. The Van Ness house, too, is old now, but it is large and spacious-looking, and still has about it a certain air of stateliness.—*Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, in June St. Nicholas.*

Two Californian Poets.

"A mile east and two miles perpendicularly from Oakland, in the ideal poet's home which he calls 'The Heights,' lives one of the very few great poets of the world—Joaquin Miller," writes Ella Higginson, in "Some Pacific Coast Writers," in the June *New Peterson*. "Dear is he to the hearts that love the West, and more than any other has he remained with and of this noble western shore. In his lines is the thunder of our mighty rivers, the trampling of herds on our wide plains, the roar of the winds in the tops of our unbroken forests, the terrible rebellious passion of the ocean that breaks her heart on our rock cliffs, the ominous warning of our floods, the heat, the dust, the desolation of our deserts, the heart-passions and heart-breaks of ourselves. Sir Edwin Arnold has said that Joaquin Miller is one of the two American poets whose fame will endure. 'In San Francisco lives John Vance Cheney, the poet and essayist, the poet son of a poet father. Not cameos, not diamonds, may his poems be called—for these gems are cold; but they are opals that have been chastely and carefully cut and polished to a delicacy of perfection worthy their souls of fire."

The "Baptism of Fire."—The Prince Imperial's Account of It.

I knew the Prince well. On the first two occasions I saw him, it was through a binocular from a considerable distance. On August 2, 1870, the day on which the boy of 14, in the words of his father, "received his baptism of fire," I was watching from the drill-ground above Saarbruck, in company with the last remaining Prussian soldiers, the oncoming swarm-attack of Bataille's *tirailleurs*, firing as they hurried across the plain. The tirailleurs had passed a little knoll which rose in the plain about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood, and presently it was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The glass told me that without a doubt the senior of the foremost horsemen was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter—mere boy he looked—was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field. A fortnight later, in the early morning of the 15th, the day before Mars-la-Tour, when the German army was still only east and south of Metz, I accompanied a German horse-battery which, galloping up to within five hundred paces of the chateau of Longueville, around which was a French camp of some size, opened fire on chateau and camp. After a few shells had been fired, great confusion was observed about the chateau and, in the camp, and I distinctly discerned the Emperor and his son emerge from the building, mount and gallop away, followed by suite and escort. Years later, in Zululand, when the day's work was done for both of us, and the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt, the Prince was wont occasionally to gossip with me about those early days of the great war which we had witnessed from opposite sides, and he told me his experiences on the morning spoken of. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed bewildered, when his father entered with the exclamation: "Up, Louis, up, and dress! The German shells are crashing through the roofs." As the Prince looked out of the window while he hurriedly dressed, he saw a shell fall and burst in a group of officers seated in the garden at breakfast, and when the smoke lifted three of them lay dead. That the story of his nerves having been shattered by the bullet-fire at Saarbruck was untrue seems proved by an episode he related to me of that same morning an hour later. On the steep ascent of the *chaussee* up to Chatel the imperial party was wedged in the heart of a complete block of troops, wagons, and guns; a long delay seemed inevitable. But the lad had noticed a wayside gate whence a track led up through the vineyard. He followed it to the crest, and marked its trend; then riding back, he called aloud, "This way, papa!" The Prince's side-track turned a block, and presently the party were in the new quarters in the *auberge* of Gravelotte.—*Archibald Forbes, in the June Century.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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BETTING ON THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

A Story of the Undergraduate Days of the Late Professor Adams.

I was an undergraduate of St. John's college, Cambridge, when the late Professor Adams was there as an undergraduate also. I well remember his appearance. He was rather a small man, who walked quickly and wore a faded coat of dark green. As I had entered as a pensioner and he as a sizar, we did not sit at the same table in hall or indeed dine at the same hour. In my time the Fellows' hall and ours was at 4 o'clock, the sizars' (who had some dishes left from the Fellows' table) at 5. Chapel was at 6, when every member of the college was due and when some came.

Fellow commoners and pensioners saw but little of the sizars as a rule, and I fear they were looked down upon on account of their poverty, except indeed those few who were certain to do great credit to the college. The fastest and the vainest man would have been civil to Adams, for he was known to be a pretty certain Senior Wrangler; besides men bet on him and backed him as they would a race horse. But he was so exceedingly good, so unusually safe, so utterly and entirely the favorite that odds were laid on him at 3, or even 4 to 1.

Men little thought indeed that he would very shortly discover a comet, and that science all through the world would "cap" him in concert with the undergraduates to whom he soon became a mighty don, though I believe one of the most gentle and unassuming that ever lived.

A couple of days after Adams had come out Senior Wrangler, I knocked in late and had a chat with Ballard, the porter, before going to my rooms. I said, "Well, Ballard, we've got the Senior Wrangler, but that was of course." Ballard looked glum. I could not understand it, for he was as proud of the college as any of its members. "Ah, sir," he said, "Mr. Adams did not behave well to me." "Not well to you! Why, what on earth has he done?" "I have lost £5 by him, sir." "How?" "Mr. Adams is not a gentleman as often knocks in late, but two nights before he went into the senate house he did, and I made so bold as to say, 'Mr. Adams, I hope no offense, sir, but I suppose you are certain to be Senior Wrangler, because I have laid £10 on it already and I have a chance of laying another £5.' Now you'd hardly believe it, sir, but Mr. Adams told me there was no certainty at all about it, and that he might come out second or third when all the while he must have known he was dead certain."

"Well," I said, "I don't know what he knew, but all the university knew. But how did you lose your £5?" "By not putting it on, sir, which I should have done if he hadn't knocked in late. I kept the £10 on, however, and won what came of that." So really Mr. Ballard had not very much to complain of.—London Queen.

Where Peppermint Oil Is Raised.

More than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint and tansy used in the world is said to be produced and distilled in Michigan. The center of the industry is St. Joseph county. Peppermint plants weighing 15,000 tons when dried are cultivated every year in the state. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are then covered with fragrant purple blossoms, and the time has arrived for mowing. After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about 150 in the state.

It is estimated that 360 pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is 15 pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from $1.25 to $5 per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established in Mitcham, England, about 150 years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country, in Wayne county, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. Today nine-tenths of the entire product of the world are made in the United States.—New York Post.

"Riding and Hitching."

One mode of transportation among the poor whites of southern West Virginia is known as "riding and hitching." It is resorted to when two travelers find themselves with only one horse and they are going too far to ride "double." In "riding and hitching" one traveler takes the horse and goes a mile or more, while the other foots it behind. The equestrian naturally makes faster speed than the walker. So, after he has ridden his share, he dismounts and hitches his steed to a tree by the roadside and pushes on afoot. In time the other walker comes to the hitched animal, mounts him, rides on until he has overtaken the first rider and got some distance in front, when the operation is repeated. Thus each rides alternately, and the horse gets a breathing spell.—New York Sun.

Using a New Word.

Children are quick to learn new words and store them up in their memory to be used on the first occasion that presents itself.

A small Buffalo boy rang his mother's doorbell one day recently and brought his devoted parent to the rescue in all haste, only to tell her that his older brother had "told a lie," as he expressed it. "He said Mary broke his top when he broke it himself, and so he told a lie," the cherub explained, and then hastened back to his play perfectly satisfied now that he had had an opportunity to use the word that was a new addition to his vocabulary.—Buffalo News.

A Harmonious Effect.

Mrs. Witherby—That chair you are sitting on is a genuine antique.

Miss Elderby—Then perhaps I had better not sit in it.

Mrs. Witherby—Oh, don't get up. It is very becoming to you.—Vogue.

A Very Forgetful Person.

"It's cur'ous how fergitful some folks are, now ain't it?" inquired Mr. Jakes, the village plumber, carpenter and sheriff in a ruminative tone. "There's people that'll fergit arrants an jobs an bills an days o' the week an so on, an I've even heard tell of folks that would fergit their own names now an agin."

"Yes, I've heard mention made of jest sech cases," said Abijah Snow, who was watching Mr. Jakes solder a good sized hole in the bottom of the Snow teakettle.

"Well, I b'lieve there's a woman in this town beats 'em all fer fergittin," said Mr. Jakes.

"Who's that?" inquired his customer, with mild interest.

"It's Mis' Willard Franklin," replied Mr. Jakes. "She's got inter the habit of comin over to our house twice a week, or sometimes oftener, as 't happens. An it's a queer thing, but if you'll b'lieve me, she sets an sets and fergits all about Willard till we've had a good square dinner, an within 10 minutes after we've cleared everythin off'n the table she'll rec'llect him an start fer home."

Mr. Jakes shot one glance at Mr. Snow, and Mr. Snow returned it as he said slowly:

"S'pose the fact of Willard's bein sech a scanty pervider an your spreadin a lib'ral table could hev anythin to do with it?"

"They say you can't ever tell what does affect folks' memory—or fergittry," said Mr. Jakes in a noncommittal tone. And then he blew out his light, and he and Mr. Snow indulged in a couple of dry chuckles as the kettle changed hands. —Youth's Companion.

Making Imitation Diamonds.

The material in which imitation diamonds are produced is called strass, from the name of its inventor, a German jeweler who flourished at the beginning of the present century. It is perfectly colorless and transparent glass, or rather crystal, of irreproachable purity, composed of rock crystal, or of white sand, mixed with oxide of lead, arsenical acid and other ingredients. Its preparation demands infinite care and a multitude of precautions, to avoid the possibility of the slightest flaw or bubble being introduced into the mass, from which are then cut the false gems in the proportions desired. Small or medium sized diamonds produce a much better effect than do large ones.

For the best forms of imitation jewelry they are cut by the same workmen that are employed in executing that function with real stones. Their task is much easier, owing to the comparative softness of strass, a quality which causes ornaments in imitation diamonds to lose very speedily their brilliancy and their deceptive aspect. To remedy this state of things imitation emeralds, rubies and sapphires are often set with a layer or slice cut from a real precious stone of inferior value and cemented with a transparent and colorless compound on the top of the false gem, so as to cover it completely.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Commander-in-Chief Weissert of the Grand Army of the Republic, has accepted an invitation to be the guest of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Boston at its annual meeting this month.

Estimated gross earnings of the Rock Island for May were $1,610,737.34, an increase of $358,860.97.

* * *

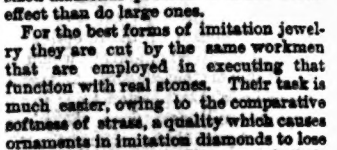
George Walters and his daughter Nellie jumped from a trestle near Charleston, Ills., to get out of the way of a Clover Leaf train. The girl was killed and Walters seriously injured.

James Reese has been arrested at Landers, Wyo., for the killing of Minard Hall in Silver Creek in South Fremont county. They were partners and quarreled over a debt. Reese says he acted in self-defense, as Hall was trying to kill him with a rifle, when he used his pistol.

It is reported that Potter's bank at Paulding, O., will soon reopen. Chashier Sponsler, who is said to have caused the failure, has confessed judgment to the amount of $14,000. His assets exceed his debts.

A. R. Sutton, the whisky merchant of Louisville, Ky., who is alleged to have forged over $350,000 worth of whisky warehouse receipts, has been released on a $24,000 bond.

Charley Thompson, a policeman, while attempting to arrest Ed Smith and Alf Swinford at Shelbyville, Ind., for fast driving, was wounded by a pistol shot from the men, who resisted arrest. They were finally overpowered and taken to jail.



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ARRIVAL ANNOUNCED BY CANNON.

A Salute Fired from the Revenue Cutter Michigan While the Princess Was Being Driven to Her Hotel—Programme To Be Carried Out on "Princess Day" at the World's Columbian Exposition—Her Portrait in Fire.

CHICAGO, June 6.—The Infanta Eulalia and party arrived here at noon and were welcomed by Mayor Harrison and the committee appointed for that purpose. After entering her carriage at the railway station, the princess, accompanied by her husband and Mayor Harrison, the rest of the party following in carriages, was driven to the Palmer House, where quarters had been secured. The Chicago hussars acted as an escort to the party. During the journey of the distinguished guests to the Palmer House a salute was fired from the United States revenue cutter Michigan, which was anchored in the harbor.

INFANTA EULALIA.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Programme for the Reception of the Infanta Eulalia.

CHICAGO, June 6.—A cool morning with plenty of clouds to insure hiding the sun for hours brought out a good crowd of sightseers early, although the day promised nothing out of the ordinary in the way of attraction. A number of Danes who took part in the Danish festivities

TIME BALL ON GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

were out early bent upon seeing the fair, and Denmark's build over in the foreign quarter was filled with the visitors. At noon, as is the case every day, most of the visitors had their eyes on the dome of the Government building in order to see the time ball fall at exactly 12 o'clock.

Thursday June 8 will be known as "Princess Day." There will be a grand aquatic and aereal display of fireworks on the evening of that day for Eulalia. A portrait in fire of the royal visitor herself will be among the pieces. It is not expected that the infanta and her party will visit the fair before noon Thursday. Escorted by Mayor Harrison and the Chicago hussars, she will be met at the west entrance to the plaisance by President Palmer of the national commission, President Higinbotham, Director General Davis, and Director of Works Burnham.

The infanta will be taken through the plaisance to the Administration building and directly to the rooms of President Palmer. After a short rest the party will go over the rotunda into Pavilion C, where breakfast will be served. After luncheon the infanta will be taken to the Woman's building where an informal reception will be held. In the evening there will be a grand and general illumination and display of fireworks on the grand basin. Friday it is not expected that the royal party will go to Jackson park, but Saturday a formal visit will be paid to all the exhibit buildings. In the afternoon a grand musical festival will be held in Festival hall.

Crushed into the Earth.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 6.—Fred Crook and Alex Watson, two switchmen in the employ of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railroad, were killed here in an accident of peculiarly horrible features. They were riding on the footboard of an engine when the rails spread and the engine, jumping the track, buried its front deep into an embankment. Both men were caught beneath the engine and crushed deep into the earth. The weight of the engine carried the bodies several feet into the ground and it required hours of toil to recover their remains.

Success of Rainmaker Jewell.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 6.—Rainmaker Jewell used his captive balloon for the first time to assist him in his operations at Meade. The balloon, with heavy explosives, were sent into the clouds above the town at 7 o'clock, the charge being touched off by electricity. At 7:30 a heavy rain began to fall and continued for the best part of the night, giving the soil in that vicinity a heavy drenching. This terminates Jewell's experiments in the southwest.

The Fraternal Alliance.

RACINE, Wis., June 6.—The session of the grand lodge of the Fraternal Alliance opened here with a good attendance. The morning session was devoted to the reception of delegates and the reading of reports. The report of the supreme secretary shows all claims paid and a balance of $3-0. Nineteen lodges organized since last annual meeting. The membership shows a net inerchse of 700.

Fire at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—Fire totally destroyed the Schelp Wagon and Carriage factory, together with its contents, located at the corner of Levee and Carr streets. The building was four stories in height and was heavily stocked. Loss, $75,000; fully covered by insurance. The fire originated in the varish room from some unknown cause.

THE RUN CONTINUES.

Small Depositors in Chicago Banks Want Their Money.

CHICAGO, June 6.—It was shown early in the morning that the bank runs were to be continued. More senseless runs were never known in any community, but the small depositors who had money in the banks seemed determined to draw it out and would not listen to reason. In every instance, however, the officials of the attacked banks welcomed the depositors who came to draw out their cash and all had plenty of money to accommodate them. At 7 o'clock people began to gather in front of the banks which were run upon. There were crowds in front of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank, the Bank of Commerce, the Dime Savings bank, the Globe Savings bank, and the Union Trust company, waiting for the hour to come when the doors should be opened.

The Illinois Trust and Savings bank had kept open until 3:30 o'clock in the morning paying off depositors, but it opened again in the morning promptly on time and resumed the work. Neither did it enforce the time limit, but paid spot cash, and, as all depositors who withdraw their money before July 1 lose six months' interest, the saving to the bank is considerable. All the other banks also opened promptly on time and went to work paying all demands. The savings banks enforced the time limit, but the Bank of Commerce went on doing business as if nothing had happened, and the officials said that they were prepared to stand any run which might be made. In business circles the best of feeling exists. In every instance the depositors withdrawing their money have only small sums in the banks.

Bank Failure at Defiance, O.

DEFIANCE, June 6.—Just as the banks were busiest and while many merchants were preparing to make their usual daily deposits, citizens in the neighborhood of the Defiance Saving bank were surprised and shocked to see the doors of that institution swing shut, immediately followed by the drawing of the curtains and the startling announcement that the bank had made an absolute assignment in favor of creditors. The blow was a wholly unexpected one and fell with crushing force on many of the depositors and not a few of the stockholders of the bank, many of whom little expected it.

Could Not Stand the Run.

MANITOWOC, Wis., June 6.—The State Bank of Manitowoc did not open for business. There has been a continued run on the institution for the past three weeks and the officers have made a fight against the failure, which was made inevitable by recent developments. C. C. Barnes, the president, has turned over all his personal property, it is understood, to cover any possible loss to depositors.

President Dwiggins Indicted.

INDIANAPOIS, June 6.—The grand jury at Kokomo has found an indictment against Zimri Dwiggins, president of the Columbia National bank of Chicago. The charge is embezzlement in connection with the Greentown bank failure. The authorities say they will issue a capias and ask Governor Matthews for a requisition on the governor of Illinois for Dwiggins.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

The President Says It Will Be Called in September.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—In reply to a direct question by a United Press reporter as to when he would call congress in extra session, which he said would be done between Sept. 1 and 15 unless in case of an emergency not now anticipated, President Clevelahd added: "While there has been no mystery nor secrecy in regard to my intention in this matter, I think it not amiss that our people should be informed authoritatively that the time is at hand when their representatives in congress will be called upon to deal with a financial condition which is the only menace to the country's welfare and prosperity. It is well for the people to take up the subject for themselves and arrive at their own conclusions as to the merits of a financial policy which obliges us to purchase idle silver bullion with gold taken from our reserve. One does not need the eye of a financier to see that this gold thus subtracted from the government's stock is eagerly seized by other nations for the purpose of strengthening their credit at our expense.

"It does not need the art of statesmanship to detect the danger that awaits upon the continuance of this operation. Already the timidity of capital is painfully apparent, and none of us can fail to see that fear and apprehension in monetary circles will ultimately bring suffering to every humble home in our land. I think that between now and the meeting of congress much depends upon the action of those engaged in financial operations and business enterprises. Our vast natural resources and credit are abundantly sufficient to justify them in the utmost faith and confidence. If instead of being frightened they are conservative, and if instead of gloomily anticipating immediate disaster they contribute their share of hope and steadiness they will perform a patriotic duty and at the same time protect their own interest. The things just now needed are coolness and calmness in financial circles and study and reflection among our people."

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

Discussion of the Subject in the Art Palace at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 6.—The world's congress on temperance divided itself into two branches and discussed the burning question from a dozen points of view. The assemblage in the Hall of Washington, and which was presided over by ex-Governor E. H. Goodell of New Hampshire took up the legislative and political aspect of the question. Under this head the following papers were presented and discussed: "Principle and Method in Temperance Reform," Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson; "Ought Women to Vote Concerning Liquor Traffic and Legislation," Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "The Duty of Church Members in Social Reform," Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston; "Rev. Dr. Henson of this city spoke spoke upon "The Relation of Law to Gospel in Temperance Reform."

Fell 5,000 Feet to His Death.

TRENTON, N. J., June 6.—Charles Y. Richmond of Springfield, Ills., made an ascent in a balloon at Cochran's park. After getting up 5,000 feet he cut his parachute loose, but it did not open. To the horror of the spectators, many of whom fainted, he came down like a bullet, turning over and over, striking in a muddy stream and was taken out dead.

DR. BRIGGS CAST OUT.

Thorough Work by the Presbyterian General Assembly.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—In the Presbyterian general assembly addresses under the roll call continued during the afternoon and merged into the evening session. Many eminent divines expressed their opinion, the majority being adverse to Dr. Briggs. At 8:45 the assembly proceeded to vote and after voting separately on the five grounds of appeal and the various specifications

PROFESSOR BRIGGS.

thereto, nearly all of which were sustained, the vote was taken on the main question, "Shall the appeal be sustained?" with this result. Whole number of votes cast, 499; to sustain the appeal, 298; to sustain in part, 85; total to sustain the appeal, 383; not to sustain, 116. Before adjourning the moderator was authorized to appoint a committee to express the sense of the assembly as to what penalty shall be imposed upon Dr. Briggs, if any.

Committee Announced.

When the assembly convened as a court at 9:30 o'clock in the morning there was a notable decrease in attendance, both on the floor and in the galleries, the vote having been the climax of the meeting of the assembly. The members of the prosecuting committee were in their accustomed places, but Professor Briggs' party was represented by Professor Francis Brown alone. The moderator first announced the committee to formulate a minute expressing the sense of the assembly as to the vote taken upon the appeal from the judgment of the New York presbytery. The committee was given leave to retire for consultation and the assembly, as a court, adjourned to be reconvened at the call of the moderator. The assembly then resumed the consideration of legislative business.

Report of the Committee.

At 12:50 the general assembly took a recess till 2:30 p. m., previously adopting the report of the committee on bills and overtures reaffirming the deliverance of the assembly of 1892 on the inspiration of the holy Scriptures. The committee appointed to fix upon Dr. Briggs' sentence, agreed upon their minute and reported at the opening of the afternoon session. Dr. Briggs refused to make any compromise and the committee recommended that he be suspended. The general assembly at 8:25 adopted the report of the committee suspending Dr. Briggs from the ministry of the Presbyterian church.

CHICAGO BANK TROUBLES.

A Run on Two Institutions and Another in a Receiver's Hands.

CHICAGO, June 5.—At noon a run was commenced on the State Bank of Commerce, having offices on the ground floor of the Women's Temperance temple. Fifteen minutes later the lobby was packed with depositors fighting with each other for admission to the bank. Police officers were called to preserve order. The bank has a capital of $500,000. Its last statement showed deposits of $1,250,000.

A run was also started on the Dime Savings bank at 104 Washington street. This institution has deposits aggregating $600,000 and among its directors are Colonel Robert C. Clowry, vice president of the Western Union Telegraph company, and ex-Senator Charles B. Farwell. President Bailey of the bank says he has a dollar and a half for every dollar deposited, but the greater part of the money is tied up in securities. The bank has a capital stock of $100,000 and a surplus of $70,000. It is also reported that there is a run on the Hiberian bank, one of the largest saving institutions in the country.

Meadowcroft Bros., private bankers, at 100 Dearborn street, have placed their business in the hands of Lyman E. Crandall as receiver. At the institution, which does a large real estate and loan business and can not be classed with the larger banks, it was given out that the receivership move was taken simply to wind up a partnership, the firm having decided to go out of business.

Interest in the Herman Schaffner failure and disappearance does not diminish. Nothing definite is yet obtainable with regard to the assets and liabilities of the bank, though the assignee expects to have a statement very soon. The missing man has not turned up, nor has his body been found. On evidence by no means conclusive the police are favoring the theory of suicide, and the relatives and friends of Mr. Schaffner are voicing the same belief.

ANOTHER BANK FAILS.

The Plankinton of Milwaukee Closes Its Doors and Suspends Payment.

MILWAUKEE, June 1.—The expected has come to pass. The following notice has been posted on the doors of the Plankinton bank:

"Owing to the failure of all efforts to reorganize the bank and the continued withdrawal of deposits we have thought best for the interests of all depositors and the stockholders to close the bank.

"THE PLANKINTON BANK."

The failure, for such it is, causes no surprise in business circles. It was a foregone conclusion. The moment the fact was made public that it was involved to the extent of $274,000 in the Lappen case, just that moment it was certain that the bank must cease to do business or face the alternative of reorganizing and with new officers, try to live down its bad reputation. Financiers generality believed liquidation was the only resort that might reasonably be expected. They pointed out that the reputation of a bank is as sensitive as that of a woman, and that it would be at best a long and hopeless task to regain public confidence—if it were possible at all.

Two Men Crushed to Death.

PHILLIPSBURG, N J., June 6.—A landslide occurred at the soapstone quarry at Mount Warne, a mile north of here. George Raitch and John Cole were crushed to death.

NEGRO BUSH LYNCHED.

A Mob at Decatur, Ills., Does the Business.

DIED PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE.

The Doomed Wrench Taken from Jail, Dragged to a Telegraph Pole and Strung Up—After Awhile He Is Lowered and Told to Confess—Protesting Innocence He Is Again Strung Up Until Dead—The Crime He Committed.

DECATUR, Ills., June 5.—The word was passed around to a score of trusty and determined citizens that their services were to be required as jurors at Judge Lynch's court and they were requested to meet at an appointed rendezvous at 2 o'clock in the morning prepared to mete out justice to Samuel J. Bush, the negro who outraged Mrs. William H. Vest of Mount Zion township. Promptly at 2 o'clock the men assembled and after selecting a leader, marched up to the jail building where the negro was confined. Rapping on the door, they demanded admission from Jailer Medkiff. Their demand was refused by Medkiff, who told them he would defend the jail with his life. One of the posse seized a sledge hammer and with a blow which gathered strength as it circled in the air the door was smashed to splinters. The men rushed into the jail and overpowering Deputy Sheriff Medkiff and Special Officer Foster secured the keys to the cell doors. Unlocking the heavily barred door leading into the corridor they rushed to the cell of the negro rapist. Bush crouched in a corner of his cell and screamed piteously for mercy.

Yelled at the Top of His Voice.

The door was soon unlocked and a rope thrown around the negro's neck. He was dragged out half dressed and yelling at the top of his voice. The noise of the attack on the jail aroused the people of the town, many of whom, in the excitement over the arrest of the negro, had not retired, and a crowd began flocking around the jailyard. When the self-constituted jury reached the open air with their prisoner the crowd had increased to a mob of 1,000 persons. Down Woods street the party hurried and finally halted under a tall telegraph pole. On the way the negro was roughly handled by the angry mob and was stripped of every vestige of clothing. Along the way to the scaffold he protested his innocence and begged his executioners to have mercy on him. The crowd, knowing that he had been fully identified by his victim beyond all question of doubt, paid no attention to his appeals. A man quickly climbed up the pole and the end of the rope was thrown to him. He passed it across the cross arm and let the end dangle over the heads of the crowd below. The leader of the mob then told Bush that he would be allowed ten minutes in which to make his peace with God. The condemned man prayed in a rambling and incoherent manner for nearly the allotted time, alternating his appeals for mercy with declarations of his innocence.

Strangled to Death.

Finally the mob began to murmer at the delay, and, fearing that the sheriff would organize a relief party and rescue their victim, the cry went forth: "Haul him up; he has prayed too long already; he is a liar in the face of death." The mob then ordered the man on the pole to lower the rope. This was done and a score of willing hands hauled away with a will. The negro was raised four feet in the air, held there a half minute and then lowered to the ground. The noose was loosened and he was asked to acknowledge his guilt. When he could summon enough breath to reply he reiterated his declaration of innocence. This only angered the mob all the more and they again swung him up. This time was final and tying the end of the rope to the pole the mob drew back to watch the negro strangle to death. A doctor rushed forward and, mounting a chair, clasped the pulse of the expiring victim in his hand, retaining his grasped until the pulsations of the wrist ceased and he told the crowd that justice had been meted out to the wretch and he was beyond all earthly hope. The mob slowly dispersed, and the sheriff and his deputies pressed through the receding crowd and cut down the negro. The crowd was composed of all classes of citizens and they made no attempt at disguise.

Governor Altgeld Heard From.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 5.—The governor has telegraphed to the officers of Macon county, asking for a statement of the circumstances under which Samuel J. Bush was lynched.

Anti-Trust Convention.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The anti-trust convention, which met at Apollo Music hall, was not imposing as to numbers, but it was a representative one and its members were full of enthusiasm and determination. The convention was called to order by Governor Knute Nelson of Minnesota, who, in obedience to a resolution passed by the legislature of his state, issued an invitation to all the states of the Union to take part in a conference to devise means to abolish trusts and combinations. Thirty-four states responded by appointing delegates and nearly that many states were represented. The convention was called to order by Governor Nelson, who read an address in which he gave a history of the anti-trust movement in Minnesota which had resulted in the call for the convention.

Holocaust at Omaha.

OMAHA, June 5.—The body of Pipeman Robert Ouray has been dug out of the ruins of the Maurer restaurant. The face was scalded and on the left side of the head was a large wound. It is estimated that the loss by the fire will reach fully $200,000. The Shiverick Furniture company and the Maurer were totally destroyed. Five men, George Coulter, B. J. Morris, Captain Cox, Pipeman Ouray and a fireman named Morrissey, were killed and several people were injured.

A Warning to Bank Directors.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Comptroller Eckels has had a circular printed containing the sections of the law defining the duties and obligations of bank directors. When a new bank is established a copy of this circular will be forwarded to each director. It also contains the penalties prescribed for neglect of duty.

Ives Beats the Englishman.

LONDON, June 5.—The international billiard match between Frank Ives and John Roberts has ended, and Ives has won—6,000 to 5,531. In the closing night's play Ives got the balls together and ran 853 before he stopped

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Solons Are Doing at the State Capital.

SPRINGFIELD, June 2.—The committee on rules of the house has agreed on June 9 as the date for final adjournment of the legislature, but it is the intention to try to substitute June 16. The senate has passed bills appropriating $120,000 to the northern and the same amount to the southern hospitals for the insane; $50,000 for the southern penitentiary; $9,000 for a statue to General Shield's; to allow suit to be brought within a year for recovery of shool bonds; to establish a state reformatory for girls, appropriating $75,000; the bill protecting employes in their right to belong to labor organizations, and providing that all cases where punishment may be satisfied by imprisonment may be tried by juries.

The house passed bills forfeiting to the county all witness fees not claimed in three years; providing for popular elections of railway and warehouse commissioners; providing for an extra term of court in Kankakee and Macoupin counties. Bills were defeated: To prevent railways from charging more than 3 cents per mile to passengers who fail to purchase tickets before entering the cars; to repeal the act allowing women to vote at school elections; to repeal the limit of damages that may be recovered in case of death or injury in railway accidents (Nohe's bill)—49 to 61 and 42 not voting. The general appropriation bill was then taken up.

SPRINGFIELD, June 3.—The bill to regulate stock yard charges was reported adversely in the senate, and a motion to nonconcur was defeated. The bill providing for a levy of $1,500,000 on the property of the state for each of the years 1893 and 1894 for genoral purposes, and for school purposes $1,000,000 for each year in place of 2 mill tax, was advanced to third reading. The bill to permit school authorities to discontinue township high schools on petition of one-third of the population was sent to second reading. The bill relating to the detention of lunatics and appointment and removal of commissioners was passed.

So was the bill for an insurance department with a superintendent, and a bill to permit a reduction of the width of roads to not less than forty feet, an l the bill appropriating $22,000 to the reformatory at Pontiac. It was discovered to the disgust of the Democrats that in the senatorial apportionment bill recently passed the name of Riverside, a town in Speaker Craft's own district, did not appear, thus invalidating the whole bill. Immediate steps were taken to remedy the mistake and a new bill was brought in and in spite of the absence of a quorum pushed to second reading.

The house finished the consideration paragraph by paragraph of the general appropriation bill and ordered it to third reading. An attempt to pass on reconsideration the bill to limit the charge per mile to 3 cents on railways when passengers fail to buy tickets was a failure. The adjournment resolution was amended by inserting 16th of June instead of 9th and then adopted. The bill to repeal the authority of county commissions to remove county superintendents of schools was passed.

The bill to prohibit sending minors to saloons for liquor was defeated. The bill to appropriate $9,000 for a statue to General Shields was passed. The anti-trust bill and bill defining trusts and providing penalties for entering into combines, trusts, etc., were made special orders for next Wednesday morning on third reading.

REIGN OF TERROR.

Striking Quarrymen Raise Cain with Workmen at Lamont, Ills.

LAMONT, June 5.—Trouble began in the Illinois Stone company's quarries, where wages had been reduced from $1.75 to $1.50 a day and fifty foreigners were hired at the lower figure. Two hundred men refused to go to work. Instead, they armed themselves with clubs and visited in turn the six quarries operated by the Western Stone company, at each one compelling the men to quit work and forcing stragglers to fall in. The mob grew to 1,000 men, and then the canal diggers' camps of Agnew & Co., Campbell & Co., Smith & Jackson, and Mason & Hoge were visited.

At Camp 1, Foreman Burns, mistaken for a disagreeable predecessor, was beaten into insensibility. At Camp 2, Foreman Powderly was pounded nearly to death. At Smith & Jackson's quarry, Foreman McCarthy was knocked senseless by a blow on the head and a second blow broke his arm. Walking Boss McDonald, for Campbell & Co., was roughly handled. Swelled by the quarrymen, the mob grew to 2,000 and all marched to Lamont. Until late at night carousals were frequent in the thirty-eight saloons, and the citizens rested on their arms expecting a looting of the town. Local authorities and five deputy sheriffs from Chicago—all the riotous territory being in Cook county—could do no more than disperse crowds that gathered at intervals after midnight.

Sandusky Bank Fails.

SANDUSKY, O., June 5.—The Sandusky Savings bank has closed its doors and posted the following notice: "Owing to its inability to realise upon its securities this bank has been compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The depositors will be paid in full without loss to any one." Following upon the stoppage of the bank comes the news that the Hospital Supply company has assigned to George Barney and Charles Mach. It is reported that the savings bank had been carrying the Hopital Supply company, who made the assignment and gave power to take possion at any time.

Chicago Firm Fails.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The E. A. Armstrong company made a voluntary assignment to James P. Sherwin. The assets are $271,0.0 and and the liabilities are $100,000. The Armstrong company is located at 149 Wabash avenue and for twenty years has been manufacturing and dealing in uniforms, regalia, society and church goods in this city and in Detroit.

Postmaster at New York.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The president has appointed Charles W. Dayton of New York city to be postmaster of that city. The president has appointed Charles H. Mansur of Missouri to be second comptroller of the treasury, and John M. Webster of New Mexico to be a commissioner from the territory of New Mexico to the World's Columbian commission.

A Change of Ministers.

BERLIN, June 5.—William Walter Pheips, the retiring United States minister, presented at the castle his letter of recall, and immediately afterwards Freiherr Marschall von Bieberstein, minister of foreign affairs, introduced to the emperor Theodore Runyon, the new United States minister. Mr. Runyon wore the uniform of a general.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

The steamer Haytian Republic has been seized at Seattle, Wash., for alleged connection with the transportation of Chinese from British Columbia.

Isaac Mann, a farmer of Bryan, O., was the victim of confidence men in the sum of $2,000 at Lima, O. One of the men was afterward arrested and the entire sum recovered.

Corrial Kniffin, postmaster of Hope, Ark., was slain by tramps who shot him from ambush.

Charles Butler of New York city, now in his 93d year, shook hands with Lafayette when the great Frenchman paid his last visit to this country. Mr. Butler is still active and has lively recollections of the marquis.

John G. Carlise has been put in nomination for the presidency in 1896 by the Selma (Ala.) Mirror. The secretary himself has nothing to say on the matter.

* * *

Frank Stensel, an Indianapolis barber, left the city Sunday, leaving a note saying he would not return until he could look his friends in the face.

An oak tree nearly five centuries old was recently felled near Castleton, Ind.

Over 2,000 schools in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia are already supplied by the respective boards with free textbooks.

Puss, a pioneer mule who crossed the plains during the civil war, died at Carrollton, Mo., a few days since, aged 34 years.

Some Oregon farmers are going to experiment with semi-tropical crops during the coming season. They will try cotton, tobacco, broomcorn and sorghum.

A Canadian has invented a contrivance to do away with holding a telephone receiver to the ear while talking over the wire.

An expedition will shortly be equipped by Sir Thomas Elder to explore the interior of the Australian continent.

A 4-year-old boy in Georgia is said to weigh ninety pounds, wears a No. 7 hat and a No. 6 shoe.

* * *

The Atchison's earnings for the third week in May increased $42,203.

The Missouri Pacific has shortened its passenger train time between St. Louis and Texas points from three to five hours.

The Business Men's association of Sullivan, Ills., will be incorporated soon for the purpose of encouraging factories to locate at Sullivan.

General Manager Allen announced at Davenport, Ia., that he would not reinstate the men discharged from the Rock Island and Pacific railroad for visiting saloons while on duty. He intimated that the rule would be even more vigorously enforced in the future.

John Stipp, a farmer living near Bloomington, Ind., was swindled out of $4,000 by bunko men. He loaned that sum on an alleged $50,000 stone quarry for security.

William A. Webb, a druggist of Decatur, was found drowned in a creek near Dalton City, Ills. He was supposed to be temporarily insane.

Mason City, Ia., has voted 5 per cent. tax in aid of the Winona and Southwestern railway. This amounts to $38,000, and the road must be completed by April 1, 1894.

* * *

Mr. George S. McGrew, president of the T. P. A., has received a telegram at St. Louis from the state organization at Little Rock announcing that Judge Bryant had consented to deliver an oration at the World's fair on T. P. A. day, June 10.

Judge Walter Olde of the Indiana supreme court has handed his resignation to Governor Matthews. The judge said his arrangements were complete for going to Chicago to engage in the practice of law with ex-Secretary of State Charles F. Griffin.

On June 18 the Missouri, Kansas and Texas will put on a fast express train from San Antonio, Tex., to Chicago in forty-one hours.

Andrew Carnegie has presented the First Christian church at Braddock, Pa., with a pipe organ to cost $3,500.

The Great Northern will establish daily passenger train service between St. Paul and Seattle June 8.

The corner stone of George R. Smith college for colored people was laid at Sedalia, Mo., by Bishop Walden of Cincinnati, assisted by Bishop Bowman of St. Louis.

* * *

William H. Lee, the largest land owner in Fayette county, Ills., and four years ago a candidate for representative on the Prohibition ticket, while looking after his cattle at Vandalia, was gored by a vicious bull. He cannot recover.

The Wabash will run its fast train from St. Louis so as to connect with the Lake Shore's exposition flyer, thus making the distance from St. Louis to New York via Chicago in twenty-seven hours and three-quarters.

Every employe of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas will be granted a two weeks' leave of absence and free transportation for a visit to the World's fair.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken five bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 856, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 10, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week;

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Halion and Hart.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"She."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock:"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AN IRISH OBJECT LESSON.

Innocent persons who have always attributed courage and magnanimity to the English people must be much astonished at the mingled fear and knavishness in regard to Ireland displayed by both the British parties during the debate on the Home Rule bill in the house of commons. Gladstone began to yield everything to the Tories until Mr. Sexton, inspired by the comments of THE CITIZEN, widely published in the Irish daily and weekly papers, brought the old man to a standstill the other day with a vigorous objection, which had the effect of defeating the proposed emasculating amendment. John Clancy, Parnellite member for North Dublin, performed the same feat on Monday. These English Whigs—the best of them, if there is any best to them—will bear watching, and, if they should do anything treacherous, the Irish members are strong enough to punish them, even though Ireland should go out of the frying-pan into the fire, by turning them out of office. This last measure need only be resorted to in a desperate emergency, but it is an excellent switch to hold in terrorem over the knaves if they attempt to play Ireland false.

Figures are the best kind of facts and, therefore, are stubborn things. The following tables will show how one nation can destroy another by process of "law" and political economy:

BEFORE GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.

1767—Ireland's estimated population.....2,544,276
1777—Estimated population.....2,690,556

UNDER GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.

1787-1800.....5,216,329

ESTIMATED POPULATION GREAT BRITAIN

1801—England and Wales.....9,060,933
Scotland.....1,625,000

Ireland's proportion in that fatal year, when the "Union" act went into operation, was 33 per cent of the whole.

CENSUS POPULATION.

1821.

England.....11,281,883
Wales.....718,353
Scotland.....2,091,521
Ireland.....6,801,827

1831.

England.....13,090,523
Wales.....806,271
Scotland.....2,364,386
Ireland.....7,767,401

1841.

England.....15,002,443
Wales.....806,274
Scotland.....2,620,184
Ireland.....8,175,124

(Estimated at 8,300,000 in 1843.)

1851.

England.....16,921,883
Wales.....1,005,721
Scotland.....2,888,742
Ireland (after five years of artificial famine and forced emigration).....6,551,970

1861.

England.....18,949,930
Wales.....1,111,795
Scotland.....2,888,742
Ireland.....5,7?2,055

1871.

England.....21,495,131
Wales.....1,217,135
Scotland.....3,360,018
Ireland.....5,411,416

1881.

England.....24,631,212
Wales.....1,360,513
Scotland.....3,735,573
Ireland.....5,159,839

1891.

England.....27,499,984
Wales.....1,701,034
Scotland.....4,033,103
Ireland.....4,704,750

Thus, in 1891, after ninety years of "Union," Ireland is only 12.49 per cent of the population of the "United Kingdom!"

AREA—SQUARE MILES.

England.....50,923
Wales.....7,397
Scotland.....30,462
Ireland.....32,481

ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION.

Average, 1874-81—
Great Britain, in all.....31,266,919
Ireland.....15,752,187

CATTLE.

Great Britain.....6,125,491
Ireland.....4,437,613

HORSES.

Great Britain.....2,220,000.
Ireland.....525,770

HOGS.

Great Britain.....2,422,832
Ireland.....1,096,494

Following are countries smaller than Ireland, or exceeding her but little in area, while infinitely behind her in resources, that have, for ages, maintained their independence:

Holland—12,680 square miles; population 4,564,565 (not including colonies); navy, 134 men-of-war, including 26 ironclads; army, 2,688 officers, 50,966 men; militia 43,716; mercantile marine, 118 steamers, 500 sailing vessels, 17,000 men.

Belgium—11.373 square miles; population 6,147,041; army, comprising all classes of troops, regular and militia, 155,566 men.

Bavaria—29,632 square miles; population 5,594,982; army, peace footing, 57,000.

Greece—24,977 square miles; population 2,187,208; army, peace footing, 28,114 officers and men; navy, 27 vessels, 3 ironclads and 34 torpedo boats, with 3,504 officers and men. Five new second class battleships have been lately added. Mercantile marine, 83 steamers and 5,074 sailing vessels, of all sizes and descriptions.

Denmark—14,789 square miles; population 2,172,205 (these figures do not include colonies); army 50,522 men; navy, 37 steam vessels, including four iron clads, with 1,270 officers and men; mercantile marine, 3,326 vessels of all kinds.

Switzerland—15,981 square miles; population 2,933,334; army, on war footing, —staff 1,015, infantry 161,074, cavalry 5,719, artillery 27,622, engineers 6,708, others, 4,147; total, 206,285. There is, besides, a landsturm, or military reserve, of 262,766. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Switzerland is, excepting France, about the only bona-fide republic in Europe.

Saxony—5,856 square miles; population 3,502,684. Furnishes a corps to the army of the German empire.

Wurtemberg—7,528 square miles; population 2,036,522. Furnishes also a corps to the German army.

Portugal—34,606 square miles (about 2,000 more than Ireland); population (not including colonies or islands) 4,306,554; army, peace footing, 40,000 men; war footing, 125,057 men with 264 guns; navy, 55 vessels of all classes, with 4,124 sailors.

Servia—18,757 square miles; population 2,205,131; army, war footing, 70,000 officers and men, 264 guns; depots, 25,000 men, 36 guns; reserves, 58,000 men, 220 guns.

The late Hon. James G. Blaine, speaking at Portland, Me., on June 1, 1886, had the following, among other brilliant truths, to relate concerning the relations between Great Britain and Ireland:

"Mr. Gladstone in his policy proposes another bill; he proposes to do something to relieve the Irish from the intolerable oppression of the landlords. Let me here quote Lord Macaulay again, speaking of Ireland, whose territory is slightly less than the territory of the State of Maine—perhaps 3,000 square miles less than this State. Lord Macaulay in the same speech says: 'In natural fertility Ireland is superior to any area of equal size in any European country.' Now I will give you his estimate of the position of Ireland toward England: 'Ireland is a country far more important to the prosperity, to the strength, the dignity of the British empire than all our distant dependencies together—more important than the Canadas, West Indies, South Africa, Australia, Ceylon and the vast dominions of the Mogul.' If an Irishman had said that in America people would exclaim: 'Did you ever such extravagance as comes from the Green Isle?'

"Well, after reading these statements from this high source let me pass to a practical examination—somewhat minute if you will pardon it—of the land question, not in any abstract way, but in a perfectly practicable and farm-like way. I wanted to test what Lord Macaulay said about the extraordinary fertility of this land, and I took the latest British authority upon which I could lay my hands for statistics. I could get none later than 1880, but I will give you the result of my examination for that year and for some years that preceded it. In the year 1870 Ireland produced 4,000,000 bushels of wheat. But wheat is not the crop of Ireland. She produced 8,000,000 bushels of barley. But barley is not one of the great crops of Ireland. Now we begin to strike into the next item to which she is especially adapted. She produced 70,000,000 bushels of oats. The next item I think every one will recognize, as it is peculiarly adapted to Ireland. Of potatoes she raised 110,000,000 bushels—within 60,000,000 bushels of the whole product of the United States. She produced of turnips and mangolds, put together, 185,000,000 bushels. She produced of flax 60,000,000 pounds. She produced of hay 3,800,000 tons. She had on her thousand hills and in her valleys over 4,500,000 head of cattle. In the same pasturage she had 3,500,000 head of sheep; she had 560,000 horses and 210,000 asses and mules. During the year 1889 she exported to England over 700,000 head of cattle, over 700,000 sheep, and nearly 500,000 swine, and now in that territory—not quite so large as the State of Maine—and out of this magnificent abundance, the like of which has scarcely been known since the richness of Goshen, there are men in want of food who appeal to the charity of the stranger. Why should this be in a land that can produce so abundantly? Why should any one want? The great lawgiver of Israel ordered that 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,' and St. Paul added in quoting that in his epistle to Timothy, 'The laborer is worthy of his reward,' and yet many of the men who are producing those great results, that almost turn the imagination in their extent, are absolutely in want of sufficient food. I do not think it is difficult to find the reason. Seven hundred and twenty-nine men own one half the land in Ireland, and the other half is owned by about 3,000 more, and of the rural farm lands there are but 19,288 owners in all, whereas there are 1,250,000 adult males in Ireland. Produce that condition of affairs in Maine—in New England—tomorrow and the distress here would be as great as the distress has been in Ireland."

Not one of the states of Europe mentioned as independent, or but nominally dependent, begins to equal Ireland in natural resources. Only one of them, Portugal, exceeds her in area. Ireland has 90 harbors, a coast line of 750 miles, the largest river in the three kingdoms, and, by all acknowledgment, the most equable climate, fruitful soil and greatest water power of any country of her extent in the world. Her mines are totally undeveloped, her fisheries neglected, her harbors—fourteen of which, even without artificial aid, can float the deepest draught man-of-war that ever sailed in perfect safety—practically deserted, unless by ships of export. Only two of our own States—New York and Pennsylvania—exceed Ireland in population, and not one of them, owing to her insular position, grand rivers and nobly indented coast line, approaches her in native strength and majesty. And yet, with all this, she languishes. No wonder, then, that an American friend, who visited the country last summer, and to whose practical mind all these things appeared at a glance, should have asked us "What the d—l is the matter with Ireland?" We answered him then, as we answer him and all others now—the English devil.

THAT DANGEROUS RUSSIAN TREATY.

The Russian treaty will, no doubt, be approved by the president, notwithstanding American popular protest. It is a bad and dangerous document, intended to make us a subsidiary police for the Russian Czar, whose treatment of his unfortunate subjects, acting on his wretched conscience, makes him hear an enemy and an assassin in every rustling leaf. The treaty with Russia is not a people's treaty. It had its origin in the "secret executive session" of the Russian cabinet, in the first place, and the American senate in the next. It is a child of the star chamber, conceived in the shade, and purblind in the light of liberty.

THE CITIZEN abhors all Czars, Kaisers, Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Earls and other titled descendants of unconvicted robbers and slayers, who are subject to all the ills of flesh, including colic, and are only worshipped by the slavish, the unthinking and the socially demented. It does not believe in any alliance of this republic with them. If they come here as guests, it is all right to treat them hospitably and let them go their way. Beyond this, there ought to be nothing in common with them. They are antipodal to the American idea.

There was never yet born any mortal man or woman to crown or coronet who deserved, or who deserves, the homage of self-respecting people, simply because of "royal" or "noble" birth. Unless God has gifted them with the goldlike virtues, and abilities, they are just as common clay as the commonest of those over whom they rule. Their flesh is just as liable to corrupt in the grave, or out of it—often more so, as in the cases of Henry VIII, Louis XV, George IV, the Duke of York, his brother; Louis XVIII and others that might be mentioned, who smelt worse in the cerements of the death than the worst glue factory that ever was established. THE CITIZEN honors men truly great, whether of "royal," "noble," or "plebeian" birth. It honors, for their intellect, Cæsar, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Frederick, Conde, Richelieu, Shakespeare, Rienzi, Turenne, Vauban, Handel, Bach, Moliere, Grattan, Burke, the elder Pitt, Brinsley Sheridan, Byron, Moore, Longfellow, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Phil Sheridan, Leo XIII, Juarez, the glorious Indian president of Mexico, and Diaz, sprung from the same stock—all these, and hundreds of others made great and noble by the will of God and not by the act of man. Americans who bow down before creatures of clay, simply because they can trace their ancestors back to a remote period, forget the fundamental sentence of the Declaration of Independence—"All men are born equal." For our own part, we belong to the House of Adam, and neither Capet, nor Romanoff, nor Guelph can go behind the pedigree of the Grand Old Man, our illustrious ancestor. Meanwhile, as a scion of that great House, which can never become extinct, we take the liberty of calling the attention of the American senate to Washington's aphorism—"Beware of entangling alliances."

THE LYING VARLET, SMALLEY.

The birth on American soil of the Tory varlet, George W. Smalley, who represents Whitelaw Reid's newspaper in London, establishes the fact that the soil and air and environment of freedom cannot always redeem or purify a soul blotched with the eruptions of natural depravity. This miserable specimen of the human race, which is libeled by his base personality, is enough of a knave to misstate and misrepresent the cause of Ireland to such Americans as are unfortunate enough to be subscribers for the once great and liberal, but now sadly degenerate and narrow, New York *Tribune*. In his communication from London, under date, June 3, this literary malefactor says:

"The favorite Gladstonian doctrine of a Home Rule mandate from the people has again been dealt with this week by Lord Salisbury and others, and the fiction exploded for the hundredth time. The Newcastle programme had more to do with such Gladstonian successes as were won in England than Home Rule had. He asked for a majority, saying in effect that if he got it he would do with it what he liked. The electorate gave it to him on those terms. To that depth of political degradation had the democracy sunk for the first time in history. It gave the empire into the hands of a man who contemptuously refused to say what he was going to do with it, or by what means and to what extent he proposed to dissolve the union between Great Britain and Ireland. Home Rule is to be carried, if carried at all, by that very Irish majority to which Mr. Gladstone in 1885 warned the country not to intrust the decision of this momentuous issue.

"If there is any mandate it is an Irish mandate. That is the real situation. It is precisely as if the question whether, in 1860 and 1861, the South should be allowed to destroy the Union had been left to the South to determine. We valued our Union. We can hardly blame the English if they value theirs. The week's proceedings in Committee on Home Rule have been full of interest and significance. At least three amendments of extreme importance have been moved and debated, and certain concessions of importance have been extorted from Mr. Gladstone; always after resistance, always with obvious doubt whether the Irish would not mutiny against them and him, and never till after much time had been consumed. The Irish for three days sat scowling and anxious while these parleyings went on between the prime minister and the Unionists. The ministerial majorities, which last week exceeded their normal figure, have this week fallen steadily below it, in one case to 22. This last was on Lord Wolmer's amendment forbidding the Irish legislature to pass resolutions on subjects on which they are forbidden to pass bills. Dublin, he pointed out, might seriously embarrass the imperial government by resolutions on foreign policy. If there was a quarrel with France the Irish might, and probably would, side with France and against England, and the resolution of a legislature would be a far more serious matter than sputterings of treasonable disloyalty in Irish papers or Irish speeches. True, answers Mr. Gladstone, but you cannot prevent the Irish legislature from expressing its opinion on any subject it pleases. There is no remedy but force, even if you put a prohibition into the act of creating that legislature."

Only one point made by this insensate marplot deserves an answer—the analogy he seeks to establish between the cause of the seceding Southern States and that of Ireland.

In the first place the seceding States enjoyed every privilege which Ireland now seeks under the Home Rule bill and much more besides. They had full control of their individual state finances, as they have today. They had full control of their own constabulary and police as they have today. They had the power to issue State bonds, and that power they still enjoy. They had the power to organize and arm a strong militia force, and that power, even after defeat, has not been withdrawn. They were free to charter commercial corporations, railroad companies, canal companies and all else relating to their internal trade and commerce, and these privileges have not been abridged. They were even free to maintain their "peculiar institution"—originally fostered by the English—of human slavery, but they wished to extend the privilege to newly admitted States, south of Mason and Dixon's line. They were, in fact, free to do everything internally that Ireland was, and is, prohibited from doing, but greed of grain hurried them on to their merited chastisement at the hands of their outraged brethren of the loyal States. They came into the American Union of their own free choice. There was, when the constitution was formed, no corrupt or coercive means employed to cajole or force them into an honorable connection with the great Federation of the Republic. Every honest man will admit these facts. The South seceded not because it was oppressed, but because it wished to have a free hand in oppressing others; because it wished to be at liberty to traffic in human flesh and blood. How dare this lying rascal, Smalley, then, compare its cause with that of Ireland? The latter never voluntarily entered into union with England. It is notorious before the whole world, and is admitted by every respectable historian, English and American, not to mention the historians of other countries who have studied the subject, that the union of 1800-1 was "a fraud, a nullity and a usurpation." By virtue of it, every function commonly possessed by an American State was taken from the ancient and respectable kingdom of Ireland. Under it, she was made an abject province—unable to originate any measure for her own defense and development. Under the union of 1789, every American State advanced in prosperity. Under the union of 1800, Ire- has gone backward and backward, until her position today is enough to stir to anger and move to horror every man, of every race, who has the heart of a man in his bosom. In proof of this, we refer our readers to the leading editorial on this page.

The cause of the South was the cause, in particular, of the English Tories, Smalley's patrons, and, perhaps, paymasters. His chief patron, the Marquis of Salisbury, was America's most vehement enemy during the years of the Civil War. If he had been premier then, England would have recognized the independence of the South, and, in all human probability, the Union would have been, at least temporarily, destroyed. A favorite English maxim, common to Whigs and Tories, has been that "every nation has a right to choose its own rulers." Why do they stop short at Ireland? Because they wish to eat the flesh off her bones, as they have been doing for centuries. Pity it is of the noble old island—"with a climate soft as a mother's smile, with a soil fruitful as God's love"—that her sons divided when they should have united; that they faltered when they should have been steadfast; that they petitioned when they should have struck; that they starved to please their tyrants, when they should have risen *en masse* and wiped out the damning disgrace of their odious slavery in the life blood of the English dogs who came to feed upon their vitals. Pity it is that so grand, so beautiful, so beneficent a mother should have to blush for those who did not have the spirit to fight for her honor, when they had the power, as they had in 1843, and allowed an old man, intellectually dethroned, to stand between them and the road to glory and to freedom. Had the Irishmen of that generation done their duty as men, it is not knaves, bigots and falsifiers of the Smalley type that could flout them with impunity today.

THE Infanta Eulalia, of Spain, arrived here from New York on Tuesday. She was met by Alcalde Senor Don Carterio Enrique del Harrisonio, and other Gringo hidalgoes, arrayed in frock coats, light breeches, and plug hats, at the Union depot. Her husband, Prince Antoine d'Orleans, was also received. They appear to be a sensible couple, much more so than many of the people who make their lives a burden by unreasonable flunkeyism. Alcalde Harrisonio breakfasted the royal Spaniards on Wednesday morning, and they made an excursion to the World's Fair on Thursday.

THE CITIZEN has sincere regret in announcing the death of Frank W. Barrett, eldest son of Deputy Coroner Michael F. Barrett, which occurred at the family residence, No. 417 West Taylor street, on Friday of last week. The boy was in his 11th year, and as bright and promising as any one could wish. His malady was the dread one of spinal meningitis. The funeral occurred on Sunday morning and was very largely attended. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

THE Innisfail Gaelic Athletic Club conquered the Brian Borus, after a brilliant game of football, at the grounds of the clubs last Sunday.

THE Archdiocese of Chicago, presided over by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, comprises 372 priests, 250 churches, 50 chapels, 4 colleges, 18 academies, 130 parochial schools, 5 orphan asylums, 5 hospitals, 2 houses of the good shepherd, 1 infant home, 2 homes for girls, 1 ephpheta school, and 3 homes for the aged. The Catholic population of the diocese is 500,000, and the total number of children receiving Catholic education in parochial schools and institutons is 48,000. There are in the archdiocese 38 different religious orders of men and women engaged in teaching and maintaining various charities.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI has made himself quite familiar to the people of Chicago since his arrival in the city last week. He seems to take great interest in everything that he sees, and has visited the World's Fair more than once, not forgetting the Irish Villages in Midway Plaisance. An enormous congregation assembled to hear him at the Italian Catholic Church of the Assumption, North Market street, on Sunday. The Archbishop has created a very favorable impression in this community, and his movements are copiously reported by the daily papers.

CARTER HARRISON, since he came back to the mayor's office, has done one good thing for which THE CITIZEN applauds him; he refused to furnish money from the municipal exchequer for spies to entrap saloon keepers into illegal acts and then inform upon them. A man who would ask a bartender to oblige him with a drink, and who, being obliged, then went out and denounced his entertainer, would be simply a cheap, dirty edition of Judas Iscariot, and should have no place in our social economy. If a bartender should sell liquor to habitual drunkards, or to minors, the law is strong enough to deal with him; but to persecute him for selling a glass of beer, or of something else, to a full grown man, apparently respectable, a little before, or after, forbidden hours, on the testimony of a miserable spy, would be imitating the worst vices of the Russian and English police systems.

MR. EDWARD CORSE, son of the late Gen. John M. Corse, the heroic defender of Alatoona Pass, Georgia, to whom Gen. Sherman telegraphed the immortal message, "Hold the Fort—I am Coming," died at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Redmond Prindiville, No. 407 Elm street, on Monday, after a lingering illness.

THE central point of interest in the Catholic educational exhibit, says the *Herald*, is the beautiful marble statue of Archbishop Feehan. It is of the purest marble, life-size, and the archbishop is clad in his robes. On the pedestal is inscribed "The Right Rev. Archbishop Feehan, D. D., Diocese of Chicago, Friend of Our Schools." The statue was sculptured in Rome; it cost $15,000, and was paid for by the Catholic clergy of Chicago. The statue of the archbishop is the central figure of the exhibit. Surrounding it to the right, the left and in front are the various little booths which display the work of the pupils in the various Catholic schools of the country. So far as they have been installed, there are some marvelous exhibits, both historical and industrial. There are paintings, textile work, mechanical drawings, water coloring and an endless variety of other things that are taught children under the auspices of the good Sisters. The booths are divided up by dioceses, and each diocese is represented in the exhibit by some resident member. The headquarters of each diocese is adorned with a picture of the bishop thereof, and each diocese is represented by the exhibits of the industrial school therein.

EDWIN BOOTH, the greatest tragedian of the latter part of the century, died in New York, after a long illness, on Tuesday.

THE Finerty Gaelic Athletic Club was beaten by the Emmet Club in a football game last Sunday. We appreciate the gallant efforts of our namesakes, but we wish they would gird up their loins anew and win a game to the cry of Faugh-a-ballagh.

Ireland's Representation in Parliament.

[*To the Editor.*]

While the Home Rule bill is being molded in committee Mr. Redmond would confer a benefit on Ireland by endeavoring to prevent the Westminster representation being cut down from 103 to 80. An amendment to the clause might be urged, postponing any alteration of Ireland's representation in the imperial parliament until after the next census, when a provision might be made for fairly apportioning the representation of the United Kingdom according to the then population. It is quite possible that, under Home Rule government, Ireland by that time would be entitled to more than 80 members, and if her representation be reduced from 103, the two members for Dublin University must be given up. W.

Bearing an Irish Flag.

BOSTON, Mass., May 23.—The four-masked bark, Cave Hill, built in Belfast, Ireland, by Irish workmen and of Irish steel, has arrived at Boston. She flies the Green Flag at her top. She is the first vessel of the kind that ever entered Boston Harbor. Capt. John Leahy is her commander.

The vessel was launched March 5, 1892, and sailed from Liverpool one year ago tomorow. She made a splendid passage from Calcutta in 128 days, laden with jute and saltpetre.

The tonnage of the vessel is 2,157, length over all, 300 feet; beam, 42 feet 6 inches. She is 23 feet deep in the hold, and forward she presents the appearance of the fast ocean liner. Besides the captain and two mates she carries a sailmaker, a boatswain, an engineer, a cook, a steward, four apprentice boys and eighteen able seamen. In rig she has yards on the first three masts and a spanker and gaff-topsail on the fourth mast. On the maintopmast is the only skysail yard. She is fitted with wire standing rigging throughout.

Forward are the men's quarters. Everything about the forecastle was in the pink of condition, as were the carpenter's shop and the deck cabin for the petty officers. The bulwarks are painted white, and there is a stripe of green under the rail, running from forward to aft. The cabin is as neatly furnished as that of a steamboat.

Rich, red blood as naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum and all other impurities.

Hood's Pills are easy, yet efficient.

"ULSTER" TO LORD SALISBURY.

My lord, we hope your heart is glad;
We've done our best to make it so;
And what a pleasant time we've had
'Tis only right to let you know.
We've taken every tip we got
From Churchill and from Chamberlain;
We've let the papists have it hot,
And we shall do the same again.

In Harland's yards the sport began;
We rushed the rebels out pell-mell;
We stoned the rascals, boy and man;
We clubbed and kicked them when they fell.
Of course, as we were ten to one,
It was not very hard to do—
We wished you could have seen the run
As you had given the view halloo!

But there is news more cheering still,
The best you've heard for many a day—
Our Orange girls from every mill
Have chased the Popish girls away.
They beat them off with thumps and thwacks,
They drove them down from floor and stair,
They tore the clothes from off their backs,
They pulled out handfuls of their hair.

The grandest sight of all was when
Down through the town our heroes dashed,
And missiles, flung by loyal men,
Through Papists' doors and windows crashed.
And if we sacked, and fired, or wrecked
A home rule publichouse or two,
What else could friends or foes expect
From Orangemen so brave and true?

With all respect, my lord, we think
You would have liked to see our boys,
While swilling down the plundered drink,
Indulge in their wild but simple joys;
And hear them, as they staggered home
Triumphant from each merry scene,
Curse Gladstone and the Pope of Rome,
And strive to sing "God Save the Queen!"

Well, if some papist heads we broke,
Of *you* no mortal can complain;
When you and your dear nephew spoke,
'Twas in an "academic" strain.
When next you wish to start the ball,
And make the nuts and rivets fly,
You well not need to speak at all,
But simply "wink the other eye."

T. D. S.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 1.

—*Daily Chronicle.*

WE WANT NO CATHOLIC PARTY.

[*Rev. Fr. Phelan, in Western Watchman, June 1.*]

Some callow Catholic writers and speakers have for some time back advocated the formation of a Catholic party in American politics. The demand has become louder and more emphatic since the A. P. A. has appeared as a voting body. It is contended that the Catholics of this country will never exercise the power that belongs to them until they set up in politics for themselves. This is in direct antagonism to the contention of others that the only safety for the church in this country is in the Catholic vote distributing itself equally between two great political organizations now controlling our politics.

Both advices are replete with mischief to the Catholic cause. We believe that the Catholic body will best assert its influence by identifying itself with one particular party and by means of such partnership secure rights which is not in the power of the minority to deny. Affiliation with the Republican party would be better than independent autonomy; union with the Democratic party is better still. The Democrats of the United States are all Catholics in politics: that is, they all believe that laws were made for men; not men for laws. The Democratic party is the weak party of strong peoples and weak governments; of intelligence and national compromise; not of blood and iron and despotic beaurocracy.

There is in politics a process of mutual selection. Why are all or nearly all(??) Irish-Americans Democrats? We are told it is because they are lawless and ignorant. But how explain why very nearly all Catholic Germans are Democrats? But, strangest of all, how account for the fact that nearly all the colored Catholics in the United States are Democrats? There must be some strong bond of affinity that draws them together.

Father Sherman, in his recent speech in Omaha, advocated the formation of a Catholic party to fight the bigots of the A. P. A. The bishop of that city promptly replied to the suggestion in the following very clear statement of the Catholic position.

"I do not think a Catholic party a possibility. The Catholic population of the United States is made up of many nationalities. These people differ from each other in a thousand ways. In fact they can hardly be said to have anything in common, except their religion. It is my opinion that nothing but an anti-Catholic crusade—a Kulturkampf, so to speak—on the part of the general government or of a large number of States, could weld these different races into a political party, and of such a contingency there is no likelihood whatever. The days of religious persecution are gone forever, as far as the American people are concerned. It is much more apt now that we Catholics use our influence for good government by supporting that party which puts forward the best men for office and advocates the best measures."

Bishop Scannell has hit the nail squarely on the head. There is no danger of a religious war, or a Kulturkampf, in this country. The American people are too sensible. They have already discovered that only bad Catholics are dangerous. Good Catholics are the best friends of good government, as they are the firmest supporters of public and private morality. We think Father Sherman has done a good work in exposing the un-American character of the A. P. A., and we feel sure his wholesome words of condemnation will bear fruit in minds free from insane prejudice. But we must be careful always to avoid the excesses we condemn in others. The Catholic church never *talks* fight.

"America" Again.

[*To the Editor.*]

In THE CITIZEN of May 27 there is an inquiry as to the origin of the song and air of "God Save the Queen." The popular song "America" is a parody or imitation of "God Save the Queen." The music is precisely the same. The words and music of "America" are both a fraud and an insult to everything truly American. We hear "America" sung in the public schools and assemblies of the people, instead of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner." In short, this "America" or substitute should never be sung on our national days.

Here we find a curse on George Washington and the heroes and patriots of the Revolution, who overthrew the monarchical politics of the queen's grandfather, George the Third. Every time that an American or Irish-American sings "God Save the Queen" or its counterfeit "America" he is cursing the Republic, laws and institutions of the United States. Whe have "Anglo-maniacs" in America who are endeavoring to make America commercially, socially, fashionably, and even in literature, a dependency of England.

P. CUDMORE.

Faribault, Minn., June 3, 1893.

Wolfe Tone's Grave.

At a meeting of the Wolfe Tone Memorial committee, held recently, it was resolved to appeal to all patriotic Irishmen desirous of aiding the committee in their attempt to renovate the tomb of Wolfe Tone at Bodenstown, to send their subscriptions to the secretary at Sallins, or the treasurer, Mr. D. Donohoe, T.C., Naas. We feel certain that the worthy object of the committee will have the approval and support of all lovers of Tone's principles, and that in appealing for subscriptions to augment the funds now in hand, a sum of about £23, the result of a tournament held by the Gaelic clubs of Kildare, will be heartily responded to. As it is the intention of the committee to have the monument suitably renovated and decorated for Tone's anniversary in August next, it is requested that subscriptions for this purpose be forwarded early to either of the above.—*Irish Independent.*

Miss Coffey's Pupils' Concert.

The concert given by Miss Kate Coffey's pupils, assisted by Messrs. Middelschulte and Rosenbecker, at Methodist Church Block, was an unalloyed success, and reflected great credit on both teacher and taught. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the applause was frequent and hearty.

Caution to Customers.

Nothing of original or superior merit but has its imitations and counterfeits, even to imperiling the health of communities. For this reason the proprietors of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters caution their patrons to scrutinize every bottle offered (and it is sold ONLY in bottles) and verify its many marks of genuineness.

A sufficient warning to those meditating fraud can be found in the unbroken line of judicial decisions, exposing and severely punishing every one detected in counterfeiting the Bitters, and the redoubled efforts that are being made to protect the public from the deception of these unprincipled pirates.

Remember the Bitters is sold in bottles only, never by the gallon or in bulk.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

Annual Convention on June 18.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will meet in Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday afternoon, June 18, at 3 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual Irish National Demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15; and also to elect officers for the ensuing year. Each qualified Irish-American society, desirous of participating, is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN F. FINERTY, Pres't.

JOHN DOWLING, } Sec's.
T. F. M'CARTHY, }

A Night On the Way.

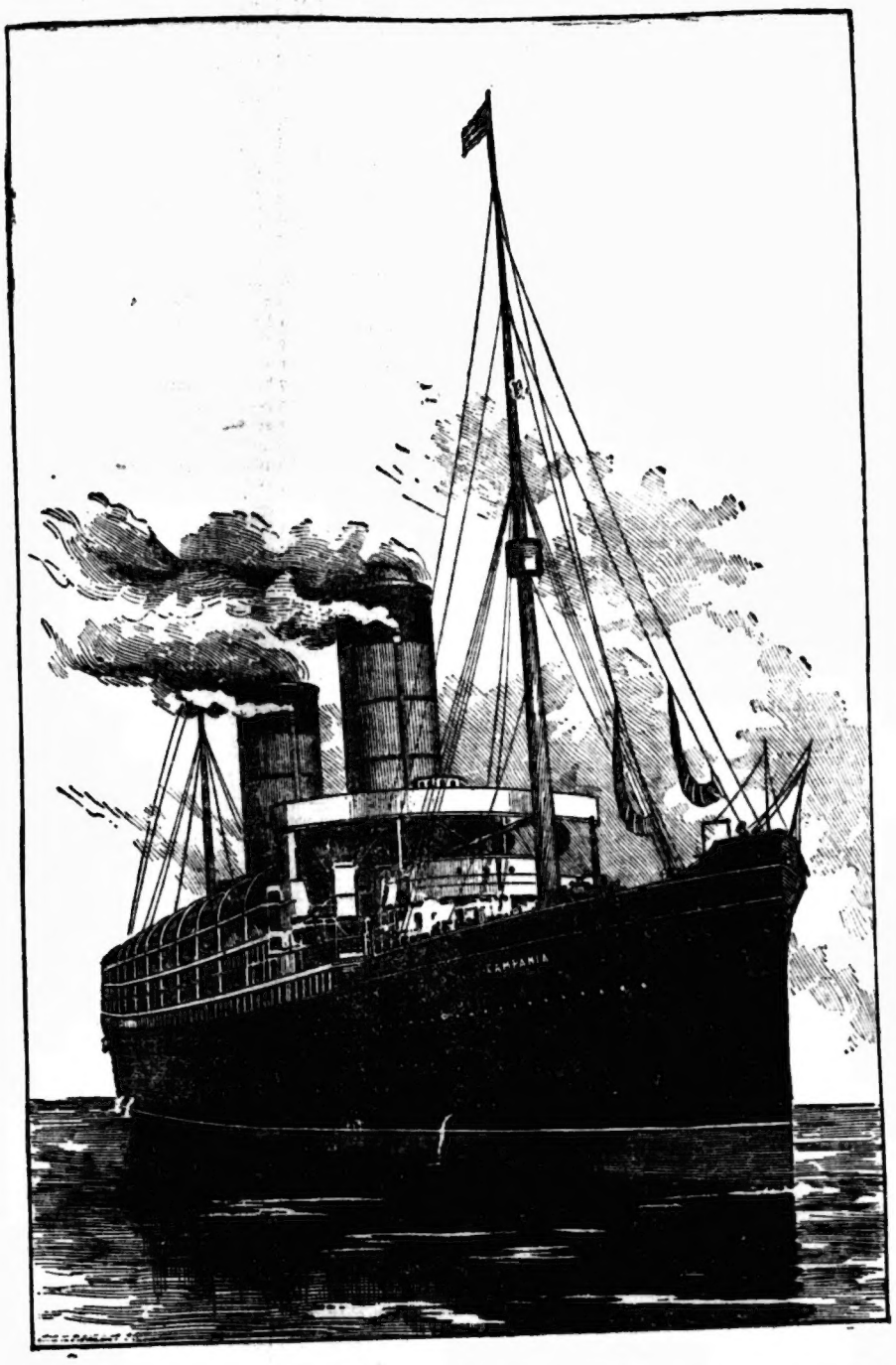
We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is hot in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Pallor, languidness, and and appearance of ill-health being no longer fashionable among ladies, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is more largely resorted to as a tonic-alterative, nervine, stomachic, and builder-up of the system generally. This is as it should be. Ayer's is the best.

QUEEN OF THE SEAS!

The New Cunard Line Steamship "Campania."

The Mammoth Twin-Screw Beauty---A Giantess Among the Liners; A Record Breaker.



The Campania, the largest ocean liner that ever steamed into New York harbor, arrived there on Saturday evening, April 29, 1893, having made her first trip in 6 days, 8 hours, 4 minutes, *beating all maiden records.* Her gigantic engines worked perfectly smooth, at about three-quarter speed throughout the voyage.

The maiden voyages of swiftest liners are:

	Days.	Hours.	Min.
Campania	6	8	4
Majestic	6	10	30
Teutonic	6	14	55
Paris	6	18	53

Leaving New York on her return trip, Saturday, May 6, at 9:30 a.m., arriving at Queenstown at 9:30 a.m., Friday, May 12, the "Campania" covered a distance of 2,868 miles in 5 days, 17 hours, 27 minutes, *beating all former Eastward records* 2 hours, 30 minutes, and averaging 21 knots. Distance considered, the passage is 5 hours better than the best previous Eastward record.

Inside the Campania is a veritable floating palace. Nothing in the way of such magnificent appointments, fittings, furnishings, etc., has never before been attempted in shipbuilding. The Campania is the first of the two new twin-screw steamers for the Cunard Line. Her length over all is 620 feet; and gross tonnage 13,000. She is fitted with two sets of the most powerful triple-expansion engines that have yet been constructed, each set capable of indicating 15,000 horse-power. These engines are fitted in two separate engine-rooms, there being a dividing centre-line bulkhead between them, fitted with watertight doors for the necessary purposes of communication. The reversing engines are of the steam-and-hydraulic direct-acting type, and fitted with patent automatic emergency gear, calculated to prevent a breakdown. Steam for the main engines is generated in twelve large double-ended boilers, each having eight corrugated furnaces.

The Campania's gigantic proportions considered, it will be readily understood that the greatest care and forethought have been expended on the structural arrangements and details throughout the huge vessel. Not only has the requisite continuity of strength been maintained throughout the entire length in ways which experience has firmly established, but structural features have been introduced which may be said to be uncommon, if not entirely new, in shipbuilding practice; suggested, if not necessitated, by the conditions as to size and proportions.

The bottom of the vessel is constructed on the cellular principle for water-ballast; minute watertight sub-division being a feature in the arrangement. There are four complete tiers of beams, all of which are plated over with steel, and sheathed with wood planks, forming the upper, main, lower, and orlop decks. The last is used for cargo and refrigerating chambers, storerooms, etc. The other decks are entirely devoted to the accommodation of passengers, with dining and social saloons, staterooms, bathrooms, lavatories, etc., all on a scale of magnificence never yet equaled. No expense has been spared on anything calculated to render traveling at sea more comfortable and enjoyable. The casings around the boiler-rooms are double, the intervening space being filled with a material which is at once a non-conductor of heat and sound. The ventilation throughout both the natural and artificial means is very thorough. The greater number of the side-lights are fitted with an arrangement for the free admission of air, even when, during rough weather, the lights are closed. A complete system of steam heating is fitted for the comfortable warming of all the living-spaces. The Campania has ample accommodation for 460 saloon, 180 second-cabin, and about 540 steerage. Her funnels measure 21 feet in diameter and are 120 feet high; her flying-bridge being 60 feet above the water.

A very cursory inspection of the interior will convince anyone that the Campania is the most magnificent passenger steamer ever built. In addition to the usual banqueting-hall, libraries and smoking-rooms, this ship has an entirely new feature on ocean steamships—a superbly appointed assembly hall, 30x60 feet, situated amidships on the promenade deck. The various grades of staterooms are finished in a style and are on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted. The steerage quarters are forward, the second-class aft, and the saloon amidships, and, roughly speaking, there are quarters for about 1,200 passengers and a crew of 400. The steerage quarters are divided being for single men and single women; also for married couples. Separate rooms being arranged with two, four and six berths in each for families; all fittings for berths are of white metal insuring cleanliness—bathrooms and lavatories are also provided for this class and perfect light and ventilation secured. As a whole, the steerage quarters on this ship excel by far those of any ship ever built. There are eighty-five rooms in the part of the ship devoted to the second class; a handsome, cosy dining-saloon in oak wainscoat; an elegantly furnished drawing-room in satinwood, and a smoking-room. All rooms are arranged with with metal berths, lacquered and polished the same as in the first cabin, and unquestionably the accommodations in this class are far beyond anything heretofore attempted, and, in reality, far beyond the first-cabin arrangements of the older liners. In the first-class there are about two hundred staterooms, the charges for which will depend on the position they occupy. The best apartments, and those most sumptiously fitted are on the main, upper and promenade decks; but the lower-deck cabins are finished and furnished in a fashion that would be perfection but for the luxurious surroundings elsewhere. The promenade, upper and main-deck rooms are all in hard wood, and from every point of view mark an advance on former achievements in this respect difficult to appreciate. What are styled "*en-suite* rooms," though a departure, are just what one expected to see some day or other on the ocean steamer. Sets of rooms arranged similarly are certainly not new, but sets so elegantly finished and finely furnished have never before been provided. The exiguous cabin and narrower berth in which the unhappy *voyageur* was confined and cribbed are dispensed with and handsome sets of rooms in hard wood, satinwood and mahogany, with specially-designed brass Persian bedsteads, take their places. Even the excellence of these quarters, however, but dimly reflects the magnificence of the social rooms, which unquestionably are the features of the ship. The entrance to the grand staircase is on the promenade deck. Like the staircase, it is teakwood, and a large skylight in its ivory colored ceiling augments the light communicated by the tastefully arranged windows around the sides. The size of the banquet hall is decidedly a surprise, and impresses the spectator more than anything else with the growth of the Atlantic ferry. It is 100 feet long and 64 feet broad, and around its mahoganies there is accommodation for 448 passengers. It is in dark mahogany, and the style is modified Italian. Overhead the massiveness of the beams, which are supported by heavy fluted columns, is lost in the tasteful white and gold ornamentation, and in the electric light the ceiling looks particularly brilliant. The settees and the revolving chairs around the tables are upholstered in dark russet velvet, and on the sidelights are prettily designed curtains. A particularly handsome sideboard stands between the entrances to the saloon. But the feature of this apartment is the well—a magnificent structure, the ceiling of which stands 33 feet above the floor of the saloon, nantically the main deck. It is in ivory and gold, and lights both the assembly hall and the saloon. The assembly hall casements which overlook the saloon are filled in with beveled glass, and the frieze above the arches is surmounted by a beautiful stained glass dome. There are four entrances to the assembly hall, two from the grand entrance and two from stateroom passages. The style here is Renaissance. The walls are of satinwood, beautifully carved and relieved with cedar; there is a finely wrought mantelpiece and an overmantel with arched mirrors. The overmantel, which is large and elaborately carved, is divided by moulded beams with bosses. The grate, which is built in and protected with asbestos, and all its fittings, are of highly finished brass, and the hearth is of Anglo-Persian tiles. At the end of the room is the organ, and opposite a concert grand piano, both are satinwood. The furniture is of satinwood, upholstered in a variety of combinations. Along the sides, except where card tables stand, are settees, and elsewhere on the heavy pile-carpet there is a luxurious profusion of ottomans and lounges. The windows, which are set in brass frames, and open from the sides, are exceptionally strong, and over the porches on either side of the fireplace and the two entrances, are cedar arches, draped with rich portieres. The first-class smoking-room is on the promenade deck, and is of fumed oak, richly paneled and carved in the Elizabethan style. The settees and ottomans are upholstered in hogskin. The sides of the fireplace and the hearth are of blue tiles, and the grate and accessories of solid bronze. At the extreme end of the same deck is the library, which differs in form from any of the other rooms, and after the lofty apartments looks decidedly low. As in the drawing-room the style is Renaissance. The wood is mahogany, of a rich color, delicately carved and relieved with panels and amboyna wood. Under the windows are morocco-covered consulting tables and revolving chairs, and between the pillars which support the ceiling are two large ottomans. The bookcase, which is of the same material as the walls, takes the shape of the room, and is nearly as broad. On the floor is oak parquetry and fine India-carpet squares.

All this elegance and finery, of course, would count for little, if in other, and perhaps less important respects, there were deficiencies. But there are none. The same lavish expenditure is continued throughout in all classes of accommodation and with all fittings—illustrating this—there are over fifty bathtubs six inches thick, hewn out of solid blocks of Syrian marble all fitted with latest improvements in open plumbing. The installation of electrical plant is on a scale hitherto unattempted in shipbuilding, and the ventilating and heating arrangements approach perfection. In a region lower than most passengers will care to frequent is the commissariat department, with its thoroughly equipped galleys and pantries, and accommodation for butchers, and other equally indispensable members of the crew. Every ordinary want is, in fact, anticipated, and from keel to truck the vessel is the very latest.

The interior of the Campania is like a kingly palace, a palatial hotel, or an Arabian-Night's dream of splendor—as the visitor may regard it. Never in the history of ocean navigation has anything so perfect in architecture, so unique in comfort, so exquisite in taste or so costly in decoration, been seen before, and it is hoped that among the great sights which will attract the attention of all the world at this season of the Columbian Exposition, this marvelous vessel, eclipsing all others, and that can only be dimly imagined by means of even the best model that art can produce, will not only be seen but carefully inspected.

A model of this gigantic ship is shown by the Cunard Company at their exhibit in the main aisle of the Transportation Building, columns 6 and 7, World's Fair.

The Lucania, a sister ship of the Campania, now receiving the finishing touches, will shortly take her place in the line, leaving Liverpool on her maiden trip, July 8, 1893.

New Division A. O. H.

A new division of the A. O. H., No. 6 was organized on May 27, at Horan's Hall, this city. Patrick Coughlin was elected president; Michael Punch, vice-president; John Reilly, recording secretary, and John Beegan treasurer. The division was organized by State Delegate Lawrence E. Henely and County Delegate P. B. Flannigan.

DON'T LET YOUR TROUSERS BAG.

If there is one thing more than another which will disgust a man it is to see his trousers begin to "bag" at the knees. Every man hates to see this, but to a fastidious man the sight is almost unbearable. Better have a crumpled shirt or a shiny coat than "baggy" trousers. A pious observer once remarked that "if men would only spend one-half the time in saying their prayers that they spent in trying to take the kink out of their trouser legs heaven would be full of males."

All this time spent in fretting and fuming can be avoided. How? Every night when you remove your trousers spread them out flat from front to rear, making the front fold turn on the first suspender button, and bringing the front and rear crease in each leg together in such a way that the inner seams in the leg will lie one over the other. Then, having done this, make another fold just at the knee, and throw both legs back so that the bottom of the legs almost touch the waistband just below the buttons. Then lay the trousers away, and, if possible, place another upon them, or better still, a clean-surfaced board. Change as often as you can if you have several pairs, for trousers worn every day must get out of shape. This is a sure cure for "bagging."—*New York Graphic.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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A SACRIFICE.

It is only a little story. I picked it up upon the beach of Oahu, among the fishing huts under Diamond Head in those beautiful Sandwich Islands. I shall tell the story imperfectly, knowing so little as I do about the locality and the language, but I asked three or four questions afterward as to the Hawaiian words and phrases and what follows is, as far as I can remember, the manner in which it was related:

They are wonderful swimmers in the Sandwich Islands, as in almost all those clusters of the Pacific archipelagoes, and it is a fine sight for such as love healthy manhood to watch the amphibious people play with the sea. It is as much their home as the land. Fishing is quite as important to them as agriculture, and they all know the ways and whereabouts of the creatures of the deep and of the reef as well as of the birds of the grove and mountain slope. With nets of the olona fiber and sweep ropes of ki leaves they draw the countless variegated finny tribes into the shallows of the lagoons and out upon the sands and have a trick —where it is permitted—of placing under heavy stones beneath the water the bruised roots of a plant—auhuhu—which intoxicates every fish coming within the influence of its juice.

Excellent boatmen, in spite of the primitive character of the native canoes, they make adventurous runs from island to island and are especially skillful in handling a little craft in the midst of surf of great breaking billows. It is a sight to see a Hawaiian canoe coming ashore with or without the ma—an outrigger of light wood which steadies the frail craft. The sea birds skimming over the rollers do not seem more at home in the middle of the huge Pacific surf than the brown skinned Kanakas paddling to land from a fishing or sailing excursion in the evening. They understand the tricks and dangers of the coral barrier which they must cross and take the enormous wave which rolls over it with shouts of excitement and delight.

If they are capsized, it is nothing to them so long as no sharks are about. They really make the white and blue breakers their playfellows in their popular sport of hee nalu, or surf swimming, where a party of these laughing water babies of all ages, naked except for a wreath of seaweed or a whisp of bark cloth, will go down to the reef's edge at sunset, carrying long light boards of koawood, 8 feet long and 18 inches broad, stained black and highly polished. Clasping these, they swim boldly out to seaward, diving, plank and all, under each incoming roller as they meet it, until they have gone as far out as where the ocean feels the first of the coral bottom and swells for its outer line of long billow.

Then, turning their faces shoreward, they lie down flat upon the plank, balancing themselves upon it and holding it with feet and hands straight along the glassy back of the great roller, which foams, curls, leaps and thunders under them as they tear along tossed like bubbles amid the milky spume and the whirling sea lace, until they come drenched and shining to the shore or into the placid green water inside the reef. The very babies learn to swim almost before they are able to toddle, and as for the grown boys and girls of the islands, and the men and women, the waves are as much their playground as the woods and meadows, and there are instances where Hawaiians have been 30 hours in the sea after a capsize and have yet come safely to land.

But one must be strong and well and unencumbered for these long swims, and a sick man cannot sport with the ocean in such a fearless way, which is why Mina-Mina lost her firstborn and bought with his little life her husband's safety. We passed her walking with a string of fish and a little child upon her arms under the palm trees near Leahi, and my friend—an old resident—gave her goodday in the musical Hawaiian, calling her by the name I have mentioned.

"What a pretty word that is," I said, "to call a woman by. What does it mean?"

"Oh!" he answered, "that's not her right name, but one which the neighbors have given her since a sad adventure that she met with off Koko head, round yonder. Mi-na-mi-na signifies 'regret for the memory of anything,' 'sadness,' 'something precious that is gone,' 'sorry to lose.' She is a good and brave girl, and she has got another baby now to play with, but she can never forget the boy she was obliged to leave to the sharks in the bad time."

Of course I asked him for the story, and this is how he told it:

One day in the season of the change of weather Mina-Mina, with her husband and their little boy of about a year old, had gone in a canoe over to Molokai to fetch ironwood and shells. The man was weak and ill with fever, though recovering, but the wife, like most of these Hawaiian women, could handle a paddle with the best, and Manae, her young partner, was quite strong enough to take part in loading the craft and steering her. So they were making the voyage homeward under the little sail of mat spread on the bamboo mast, with the red bird painted upon it, and Mina-Mina was suckling her son forward, while her husband directed the boat, and all had gone safely up to about midway in the broad channel.

Perhaps he was singing her an ipo—a love verse—for the people are like birds and are always chirruping, or she perhaps was cooing a sleep song to her small son in the dove's voice which the island mothers have. But all in a moment one of those circular gusts which sweep the sea at the change of weather came upon them without warning out of the clear sky over the smooth sea. He was languid and slow with his fever. She was engaged with her child and had no time to let the sail fall or to fling overboard the heavy stuff in the bottom of the canoe.

The gust forced the gunwale of it under, though they both leaned well to windward, and although Mina-Mina reached over and cut the halliards with her knife in a moment the little craft filled and sank from under them, drawn down by her load, leaving the three floating on the agitated sea with only one paddle, which Manae held. Mina-Mina had swung her baby over her back, and his little round head, like a cocoanut, peeped well forth from the water as his mother struck out by the side of her husband for the shore under Koko head.

Although this lay fully two leagues away, there was nothing in the situation greatly to disconcert a Hawaiian family. If only the young husband had been in his proper strength, he would have shifted the baby to his own shoulders, and side by side, while the sea grew quiet again, they would have managed to make their long swim to land if no shark intercepted them. For any one less familiar with the open ocean than these islanders no doubt it would have been a dreadful plight. Even from a boat the wide and naked face of the sea appears terrible in its spread and flatness. The long, huge, ponderous swell of it, which you did not notice from the deck of the ship or steamer, gives a new and awful impression of its elemental weight and bulk.

Even in the quietest weather there is a throb of solid motion in the shining surface which drops a small boat into vast, shallow valleys and again lifts it upon the breast of gradual but far-reaching slopes, and the very peace of the sleeping element becomes dreadful. But when a swimmer beats the salt sea far from land or help, his chin upon its shining top, his eyes just level with the long glitter of the surface, the vastness and bareness and deadliness of it become to all but the hardiest absolutely terrible.

There is no man who, swimming in the ocean, has not experienced even when he had safety close at hand that irresistible horror at the littleness of his powers and at the largeness of the chilly death lapping and washing all around him, before and behind, and right and left, as far away on every quarter as to where the sky comes down to the sea. And it is worse when he thinks of the deep abyss of liquid beneath his feeble feet—although, for the matter of that, seven feet of water will choke the life from a wearied swimmer as well as 4,000 fathoms of the mid-Pacific.

Actual death by drowning is probably, like most other forms of dying, not at all painful, but never does death appear more visible and dreadful than when you look along the face of the sea, struggling with its waters for every breath that is drawn and every yard that is won, while the dance of the brine washes over the lips and nostrils and flings its bitter menace into the blinded eyes.

Mina-Mina soon found that her man could not keep the baby's head and his own at the same time above the water. The little brown imp was nevertheless laughing and crowing at the sparkling waves without any fear or trouble, and when she drew him down beside her in the sea and let him paddle for a cable's length or so the tiny castaway swam like a small fish, and all three were making fair progress. In the moment of the capsize they had fallen into the sea of course fully clothed, but both had since loosened and cast aside in the water their garments of tapa for freer swimming, although Mina-Mina still retained her waist band, in which she kept her fishing knife.

The ocean was quieted down again after the sudden blast, and it was not difficult to rest sometimes by floating, the wife holding up their small companion. Only this would not do for any long time together, because a current was running before the light trade wind, and they might drift too far to reach the land at last.

Presently Mina-Mina's bright eyes perceive upon the water to the right on her husband's side a dark edge moving slowly, like a blade of black seaweed tilted up.

"Oh, Mokuhalii (great god of the fish), help us now," she cried. "He kokua, help! Here is he mano, the shark!"

"Your amakna is the great fish. He will not hurt you, wife, but he will take me or the little one."

Being of the fish god's line, she was taboo to sharks, and they to her, and to injure the butcher of the deep was forbidden to her, for there is plenty of ancient belief still among them, in spite of the missionaries. But now she was thinking only of her husband and her baby, and superstition fled to the winds for the dear sake of those she loved. Of all examples of similar religious courage in Hawaiian women none is better known than that of Paplolani, the daughter of the chief of Hilo, who broke the spell of Pele, the goddess of the great volcano, eating the sacred berries of the dreaded goddess and flinging stones into the seething, fiery crater of Mauna Loa, thereby converting the people from their ancient fears. But "that is another story."

"Beat hard upon the water. He Luna! Master! Beat when he comes near and keep him a little off. I will kill my aumakua! Otherwise will he eat my precious son."

At any other moment these words would have seemed too impious to hear or pronounce. Now, however, the enfeebled and weary husband could only sign silent assent and put his elbow under the child's arm, while Mina-Mina drew her knife from her belt and held it in her pearllike teeth, silently paddling to meet the shark. There is a spot in these murderous brutes well known to the islanders where the stroke of a long knife driven hard into the white belly will find the swim bladder, and when this is pricked the shark sinks or becomes disabled.

The cruel fish had seen or divined the baby as a dainty prey, though ordinarily this Hawaiian species is too well fed or too particular to care much for brown meat. As he came within twice his own length of the father and child he turned slowly over and slipped below the surface, the pale colored underside gleaming up through the green water, and just when you could discern the horseshoe shaped mouth opening to show the sharp notched jaws and red palate of the man eater Mina-Mina's knife was plunged with all the weight of her lifted body into the shark's side, whereupon the savage creature bounded half its length into the air and then, with a furious thrashing of its tail, vanished into the depths, leaving streaks of oily scarlet blood upon the foam which its leap had caused.

"Give me the child," she said, but before placing him on her back again—for the baby had grown somewhat wearied and chilled—she rubbed her nose hard against the little nose after the fashion of Hawaiian kissing, and "aloha ino, oh, my darling," she cried, "Hiwa-hiwa, my sweet little black pig! My life is nothing to give for thee."

The land—which meant rest, which meant safety, rescue, comfort, life—had come nigher by this time, and there would not be more than two miles to traverse. Mina-Mina, with the long black hair knotted on her head still full of soaked hibiscus flowers, was swimming bravely, keeping the boy's tiny hands upon her shoulders, and the sea was still and the current safely passed when her ears missed the regular beat of Manae's arms behind her. She turned her head over her shoulder and saw that he was treading the water in the manner of a strong swimmer exhausted, his chin thrown back, his mouth open.

"My king! he alu moe," she cried, "come on. Yet a little more, and we shall touch the coral ledges with our toes."

"Oluа!" he answered, "go forward, you two. I must die! The fever has taken all the manhood from my muscles. Mai huli oe. Do not turn round again. Good-by! I must go down into the night of the sea."

"No! father of my son, no," Mina-Mina passionately exclaimed. "The land is so close I can see the doors of their huts. The reef is so near I can see the seaweed waving on the outside shelves of the reef. Oh, a little farther, and we shall all be saved!"

The poor fellow struck out courageously again, but as she watched—herself gallantly breasting the sea, which broke gently on either side of her bosom as from the prow of some dark ship—she saw his hands fall down and the sea water spill from the top of a wavelet into his mouth. Her Manae was spent. He could never traverse by his own strength the distance still to be dealt with. These island women are placid and slow on shore, but in moments of crisis quick to act as a seabird is to decide on its course of flight.

"Fall on your back, friend! Fall, Makamaka!" she said. "I will give you some rest," and then she executed a wonderful piece of water learning, fanning the sea beside him so that in each stroke her returning arm gave him a sufficient support, while she kept herself and the baby still steadily moving in the right direction. But she was too much accustomed to the water not to know that her man was beyond hope if he should be left to himself. Hastily her fond heart made up its purpose. She could not keep them both above the waves. The effort she was making must soon come to an end. She must accordingly choose between the life of the father of her child and the life of the son of her husband. A Hawaiian woman of her character would never hesitate. Mina-Mina did not hesitate.

"Swim now by yourself for a little, Manae!" she moaned, with water in her black eyes which was not from the sea. "I can help one of the two to land, but I cannot help both. My son—Kahaha! Thou must die for him that gave thee beginning."

"Ah, wife! wife! no!" cries the Hawaiian, striking out anew. "Let ne kama live—let him come to be a man and keep you when you are old. I must go. It is I will die. I cannot swim one canoe's length farther."

At this moment the baby, from its mother's back, chuckled out, from fun or habit, the word of the little Sandwich Island children when they go to their mats for sleep at night.

"Listen," said Mina-Mina, "he knows it is all right. He says farewell to you. Oh, my manu, my bird, you will take so long to drown; you are so hearty. You will struggle and cry for me and call the sharks to you before you are dead. And there is no time left. Goodby. Rub my nose hard with your little nose. Kuh honigala aloha! Oh, my last sweet, loving kiss to you! Goodby!"

With that she buried the knife blade in her boy's heart and let him slide dead into the sea. Two thin lines of blood from his little sinking body trailed backward to the spot where Manae was just sinking, and a large blot of bright crimson darkened the green water where he sank. The father saw, comprehended, but was too far spent to speak.

Almost gone herself with grief and physical strain, she drew his hands over her shoulders, and setting her chin hard for the shore flung out her strong, shapely arms in splendid strokes, supporting her hapless lord, and gradually neared the coral reef. Where it opened into the lagoon a couple of fishermen were drawing their nets inside. They heard in the evening stillness the beat of her hands, started up and saw Mina-Mina on the point of giving up within a stone's throw of the ledge, quite exhausted. The two Hawaiians dashed into the sea and dragged the pair safely to land, where both lay for a time speechless. When they recovered power to speak and move, the fishermen were astonished to see the husband kiss the wet feet of his wife and say very softly, "For my life I am your debtor and my son's."

Afterward, when all understood well what had happened in the water, they called her Mina-Mina and praised her exceedingly, and she has—as you saw—by this time another little baby boy. But there is never out of her look a wistfulness, such as you may have noticed in passing her, and she will go down of evenings to the sea edge at Koko point or Waikiki and say things to herself. We think she perhaps says: "Darling he hiwa-hiwa, oh, my little black pig that I had to cast away! If only I could have died for thee!"—Sir Edwin Arnold in London Telegraph.

DOINGS OF WHALES.

SEA YARNS SPUN BY AN OLD EX-WHALER OF SOUTH STREET.

Milking She Whales Before Harpooning Them While They Are Asleep on Top of the Water — Whales Very Dangerous When Sleep Mad or Harpoon Mad.

"That's the best reading I've had for many a long day," exclaimed the bronzed old ex-seaman in his dingy little "sailing office" in South street, and his bright eyes twinkled. The reading that pleased him so was the Victoria dispatch giving an account of the attack of an enormous whale on the schooner Mermaid off the Japan coast.

"You don't know what sleep mad is, do you? It's just the kind of mad that big whale had on him, and the same kind of mad that any big whale is sure to get on him when he has just had his dinner and is taking his after dinner nap. The whales of the waters where this schooner Mermaid was cruising are great sleepers. They turn over on their sides on top of the water and let the waves rock them to sleep, especially if they have been dining pretty heavy. They sleep sound, and I have more than once milked a she whale when she was sleeping like that without waking her up, just as you might milk a cow. A good, healthy she whale, with suckling cubs, would give down a barrel of milk, and then we'd have a feast after a hard day's work.

"But suppose that besides being sleep mad this big whale that pitched into the schooner Mermaid had also been harpoon mad. If he had been, The Sun wouldn't have had that story to print, for the schooner or her crew would never have been heard from again.

"Did I ever have any close call from an infuriated whale? Did I? Well, remembering a few of 'em, I think I did! For instance, what would you call this one? Forty years ago I was one of the crew of the whaler Mary Pilgrim of Nantucket. We started in April after sperm whales in the waters around the Cape de Verde islands.

"We picked up a whale now and then, but they were not plentiful, but one day we discovered a tremendous bow head or bone whale asleep close off our port bow. Three boats were lowered. I was the harpooner of the captain's boat, and the mate and second mate were in charge of the other two. We got to the whale without disturbing him, and I gave him the harpoon. That woke him, I can tell you! He was the maddest whale I ever saw, being both sleep mad and harpoon mad. He turned on our boat and came at us with a rush. Instead of striking us head on he passed our bow, and as he was passing struck the boat with his flukes. He cut us square in two and turned the boat bottom side up quicker than ever any boat had been capsized before. My leg became fouled in the harpoon line, and in a second I found myself being towed through the water at about 20 knots an hour and several feet below the surface. The line was wound about my leg just below the knee and had cut deep into the flesh.

"I knew my end was not more than a minute ahead of me unless I got loose from that rushing whale. My knife was in my belt. I got it out, and somehow —but I never knew just how—I managed to reach down and sever the line. The next second I appeared on the surface, popping up in so sudden and startling a manner that I almost scared the mate and his boat's crew into fits, for I came up right alongside of their boat. It seems that just as the whale struck our boat and wrecked it the mate fastened a harpoon in the enraged monster and was being towed by it to the windward, and I had come to the surface just as they were passing that spot. They took me in on the fly, as it were, but I was very little better than dead. The second mate had picked up the captain and the rest of the crew.

"As the whale was tearing along with the mate's boat in tow he discovered our vessel lying to, and making up his mind that there lay the source of all his troubles he turned and charged like a tornado upon it. He hurled himself against the vessel three different times, knocking off the cutwater clear to the wood ends and starting a bad leak. While he was thus engaged the mate's boat got near, and the furious whale turned on it. The mate thrust his lance against the whale's head and threw all his weight upon it as the whale rushed forward, while the crew backed the boat for their lives. At that critical moment the captain, with the second mate's boat, came up. He had a bomb lance and fired it at the whale. The bomb struck the great head of the monster on the bone above the left eye and exploded on the outside, doing no damage except to momentarily stun the whale. He soon recovered and charged on the captain's boat. That boat being free avoided the rush, and then the whale made again for the mate's boat.

"Three different times the captain's boat drew the whale away and saved the mate and his crew. At the fourth time the whale didn't turn aside from his furious rush on the mate, and I thought our fate was sealed. With a less experienced and true handed sailor than our captain it would have been sealed, too, in a very few seconds more. The whale charged right upon us, and his giant flukes were in the air, to swoop down and crush us beneath their mighty and irresistible sweep, but that gave the plucky captain the chance he wanted. He drove the hand lance into the whale clear to its seizing, and the monster fell back in the water between the two boats, neither one escaping by more than a yard.

"The captain's plunge with the hand lance had been true to its mark. Both boats backed away from the struggling whale. He lashed the sea into foam and whirled about in an aimless and bewildered manner. Presently he sent up a spout of water that was red with blood, and a lusty shout went up from a score of throats. Every man knew it was all over with the ugly foe. We had a good two days' work repairing our vessel, but we got 120 barrels of oil and 3,600 pounds of bone out of the whale, and our victory was a great one."—New York Sun.

The Glory of Rome's Prime.

We may still stand on the tower of the capitol and survey that glorious panorama bounded by Tuscan, Sabine and Alban hills and dream what that scene was some 1,700 or 1,800 years ago. The Forum below was one radiant avenue of temples, triumphal arches, triumphal columns, colossal statues, monuments and votive shrines—the senate house, the rostra, the sacred way on the one side; the circular temple of Vesta, the temple of Castor and the basilica of Julius on the other; above on the right the temple of Jove; on the left that of Juno, and the towering palaces of the Palatine and the Circus Maximus beyond the valley. Far as the eye can reach would be vast theaters, enormous baths, colossal sepulchers, obelisks, columns, fountains, equestrian statues in marble or in bronze.

The walls of these sumptuous edifices are all of dazzling brilliance in oriental marbles, bright with mosaic and with frescoes, and their roofs are covered with plates of hammered gold. In the far distance, across terraces and gardens shady with the dark foliage of cypress and stone pine, might be seen the aqueducts which bring from the mountains whole rivers into the city to fill its thousand baths and its hundred fountains. And between the aqueducts and the porticoes, far as the eye can reach to the hills beyond, villas gleam in the sun with their terraces, gardens, statues and shrines, each a little city in itself. This earth has never seen before or since so prodigious an accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare.—Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The fame of the song "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is worldwide. No British man-of-war leaves harbor, no British regiment leaves its station for foreign service, without the plaintive air being heard by the men who are leaving and the girls—their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts—who are being left behind. This song, like many another that has stirred the British heart at home and abroad, that has given valor in the fight and brought the soft recollections of the motherland amid the horrors of the battlefield, is anonymous.

It is no doubt of Irish origin, but no one can tell who wrote either the words or the music. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken down," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800, author and date unknown. The air was written for a march, and the English version of the words, called 'Brighton Camp,' differs considerably from these." Chappell, while he put in an English claim to the air, admits that it may be Irish. He thinks it was probably written in 1758, when there were encampments along the coast—at Brighton among the rest—where many tunes of this sort originated. Wherever it was first played, it is now almost a century since it became the soldier's and sailor's loath-to-leave, and it has so long been played on every man-of-war as she weighed anchor and for every regiment as it quitted a town where it had been stationed that an omission would be thought a slight upon the ladies.—Toronto Mail.

Honors to the Victor of Blenheim.

Queen Anne was in her closet one day at Windsor—a little turret chamber with windows on every side looking over the green and fertile valley of the Thames, with all the trees in full summer foliage, and the harvest beginning to be gathered in from the fields—when there was brought to her a scrap of crumpled paper bearing upon it the few hurried lines which told of the "glorious victory" of the battle of Blenheim. It had been torn off in haste from a memorandum book on the field and was scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side.

The commotion it caused was not one of unmixed joy, for though the queen wrote her thanks and congratulations, and there was a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's which she attended in state, the party in power did all that in them lay to depreciate the importance of the victory. When, however, Marlborough appeared in England with his prisoners and trophies—a marshal of France among the former, and many standards taken in the field—the popular sentiment burst all bounds, and his reception was enthusiastic. The crown lands of Woodstock were bestowed upon him as a further reward, and the queen herself commanded that a palace should be built upon the estate at the expense of the crown, to be called Blenheim in commemoration of the extraordinary victory.—Mrs. Oliphant in Century.

A Rare Plant.

A lot of Detroit girls were talking about the young men of their acquaintance, as girls in Detroit and every other town are wont to do, and one they called George seemed to be in their estimation a degree above his fellows.

"Yes," said a blond with lovely brown eyes, "I do think George is nice."

"I should say so," chimed in a sparkling brunette. "He knows more than most of them and isn't so horribly soft—at least not all the time. Indeed I consider him quite deciduous."

"Deciduous?" chimed the crowd. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, he isn't evergreen," she said smartly, and the sentiment passed unanimously.—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Docked.

"I see by the paper that the secretary of the navy has ordered one of the warships to be docked," said the foreman to Mike Delany.

"An phat can that be for, I dunno," replied Mike. "Maybe she was wan that was behind time an come in too late in line the day av the prisseshun."—Mount Vernon News.

A Case For Maternal Slippers.

When a boy of 14 elopes with and marries a girl of 16, who runs away with whom? This is the condition of affairs up in Clyde. And what shall be done to the runners? Referred to the home committee on judiciary and the maternal subcommittee on appropriate and usual punishment.—New York World.

MUSIC WITH MEALS.

One Respect In Which Oklahoma Hotel Keepers Are Up to Date.

The hotels of Oklahoma up to last fall were few and far between. Having tried several with little satisfaction, a party of hungry "tenderfeet" was directed by a commercial traveler to a little place on a corner. The commercial man said it did not look inviting, but it was clean. That was an inducement the party had not heard of in that section, and it turned in for supper. The dining room was one in which the family lived. A folding bed stood in one corner. An old time bureau was opposite. A box stove was in the way, and about it were several old fashioned rockers. A few family pictures hung from the wall, with the old, old motto, invoking the blessing of the powers celestial on the household. The party asked for supper and was told to be seated until the meal was prepared. Two girls, delicate and with much weariness in their faces, spread the table. When the meal was brought on, they simply said, "Supper is ready" and disappeared.

The party gathered about the meal, and it was agreeably disappointing. While it was being devoured—that is the best word to use, even at this distance from the table—the two girls came into the room, accompanied by their mother, a woman whose hair was white and whose face was a study. There must have been a time when she was beautiful. They came in as if they had been billed for the occasion. They went to one corner of the room, and then the party discovered that there was one of those old time melodeons in an out of the way place. The mother took her place at the keys, and as the mournful melodies responded to her touch the daughters sang, "Nearer My God to Thee," "Nellie Gray," and then "Lorena."

Think of "Lorena" on a melodeon in Oklahoma! The party having finished supper, one of them paid the bill, and then the music ceased. It was a question which no one of that party was ever able to agree upon, or they had not up to last accounts. Was the music of that night for the purpose of entertainment or to forestall the possibility of duplicating any of the orders?—Chicago Tribune.

Friendships of Snakes.

There is a certain coolness almost to be called a positive want of cordiality between snakes and human beings. More, the snake is never a social favorite among the animals called lower. Nobody makes an intimate friend of a snake. Popular natural history books are filled and running over with anecdotes of varying elegance and mendacity, setting forth extraordinary affection and co-operation between a cat and a mouse, a horse and a hen, a pig and a cockroach, a camel and a lobster, a cow and a wheelbarrow and so on, but there is never a snake in one of these quaint alliances. Snakes do not do that sort of thing, and the anecdote designer's imagination has not yet risen to the feat of compelling them, although the stimulus of competition may soon cause it.

The case most nearly approaching one of friendship between man and snake known to me is the case of Tyrrell, the zoo snakekeeper, and his "laidly worms." But then the friendship is mostly on Tyrrell's side, and, moreover, Tyrrell is rather more than human, as any one will admit who sees him hang boa constrictors around his neck. Of course one often hears of boys making pets of common English snakes, but a boy is not a human creature at all. He is a kind of harpy.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Exasperating Days.

Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong no matter how hard you try to have them go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you got out of bed in the morning or on other people instead of looking the matter squarely in the face and saying, "It's one of my exasperating days, and if I can only keep my temper until night comes tomorrow will be different."

The trouble is when we feel ruffled ourselves we somehow impart the feeling to others, and nine times out of ten we either get into a quarrel or do some ugly, horrid little thing that we wouldn't think of on other occasions. If you can, on these hateful days, manage to think twice before you speak once it will save a lot of worry on the morrow. In fact, that is a good rule to go by at all times, for of all the unruly, mischief making members the tongue is the most prominent.—Philadelphia Times.

Costly Gown, Poor Minister.

A sweet damsel of Baltimore is about to be married to a minister. She confided to the Other One that her wedding dress was "a dream"—satin at $7 a yard and $500 worth of duchess lace. "Only fancy," observed the Other One reflectively to me, "only fancy that gown—of course I mean a girl wearing such a gown—married to an everyday common preacher. Of course it isn't as if he were a bishop or anything like that, but an unheard of person living in an unfashionable part of the city. Really, it is very inharmonious." "Then why are you going to the wedding?" "Why? Because I am a student of human nature, and such odd cases are an interesting study."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Not "For Better or Worse?"

It is a Kentucky woman's idea that the coat of arms of her state ought to be changed. In place of the two men's figures with clasped hands and underneath them the legend, "United, we stand; divided, we fall," she thinks there should be the figures of a man and a woman with clasped hands, the same motto beneath.—Roobester Times.

How Times Have Changed.

"Oh, for some new coined name by which to call him! Oh, for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Beeswax.—Exchange.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

The Most Horrible of All Forms of Ending Life Is by the Lack of Food.

The most horrible death of all is that of starving. The most vigor is lent to it by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, O. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was 63 feet. It was an 8-foot vein and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made, and plenty of space was had to move about in.

A miner's life is rather wearisome and lonely indeed. You have to labor all day long in the gloom, with only a little wick lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then, one's life is always in danger. Great rocks are liable to and do frequently fall. Explosive gases and firedamp are generated, and the first approach of a light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked, and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great vein at Padua. I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone.

My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away, and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again, I was somewhat more calm and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet; then I heard groans, and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I had to quit.

A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete. For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverence. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks, and soon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through various crevices. When an opening was made, I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of.—Interview in Chicago Journal.

An Egg Snake Among a Lot of Viperines.

Among a number of viperine snakes of about the same size is a snake that lives on eggs. He is about as thick as a lead pencil, but that doesn't prevent his swallowing a large pigeon's egg whole, nor even a hen's egg at a pinch. It dislocates his jaw, but that is a part of his professional system, and when the business is over he calmly joints up his jaw again and goes to sleep. He is eccentric even for a snake and wears his teeth on a backbone, where they may break the eggshell so that he may spit it away.

When he first stretched his head round an egg, the viperine snakes in the same case hastily assumed him to be a very large tadpole, and since tadpoles are regarded with gastronomical affection by viperine snakes they began an instant chase, each prepared to swallow the entire phenomenon, because a snake never hesitates to swallow anything merely on account of its size. When finally the egg swallower broke the egg and presented to their gaze the crumpled shell, the perplexed viperines subsided and retired to remote corners of the case to think the matter over and forget it—like the crowd dispersed by the circulating hat of the street conjurer.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Bombarded by Letters.

The lord mayor receives not less than 30,000 letters in the course of the year, while Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have had as many as 500 a day. Dr. Parker complains that he is pestered with letters from all sorts of people on all conceivable subjects. Popular clergymen also seem to be badgered quite as much as authors. Canon Liddon was killed by correspondence. At least he wore himself out by trying to answer the piles of letters daily inflicted upon him by thoughtless admirers. The complaint is chronic, but clergymen ought to console themselves by the thought that they only get a ripple of what comes like a wave upon editors and members of parliament.

Among statesmen Mr. Gladstone has probably the heaviest letter bag, but he never opens it himself. That task is undertaken by some member of his family, only one-tenth of its contents being seen by the "Grand Old Man" himself. But the replies to this small proportion make a serious inroad upon his time, for the veteran letter writer scorns the aid of such labor saving devices as shorthand and typewriting. — Gentleman's Magazine.

A Reflection.

A Detroit man who is not especially noted for the good clothes he wears was sitting in his office the other morning when a mendicant appeared.

"Well, what is it?" asked the gentleman.

"I'd like to get enough money for my breakfast," replied the visitor.

"Oh, get out," was the angry response. "I've got nothing for tramps."

"How do you know I'm a tramp?" resented the caller.

"Because you ask me for money."

"But that's no sign. Other people ask you for money."

"Yes, but not like you. You look it from head to heel, and the clothes you wear emphasize it."

"I knowed I'd get that when I put 'em on," was the ambiguous reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I got this suit of clothes at your house day before yesterday," and the tramp made a break for the open.—Detroit Free Press.

Old Friends at a Funeral.

"It's quite a mournful sight, and yet one that brings with it a crumb of comfort," said A. P. Haskell, "to see old friends gather about the corpse of one of their number. A few days since I attended the funeral of a prominent and aged citizen of Denver, a man who knew the thriving city as a mere village, and was with a number of others the founder of its present greatness. It was a beautiful morning of sunshine and pleasant breezes, and I'm sure the little old chapel never looked more blessed and peaceful than on the morning of my old friend's funeral. Some time before the long line of carriages wound over the hillside to the church, a crowd of his friends gathered about the church door. They were every one long past the middle of life, and hair that was a medium between silver and lamb's fleece predominated.

"The number of times that the members of the throng congratulated each other upon each other's youthful looks, and the often reiterated statement that 'You look younger than you did 10 years ago' became really humorous, though at a funeral. They speculated on the number of years each had to live and joined hands over the statement that 'We will soon go together, old boy,' and 'I think I'm next.' In all that sunlight and joyful atmosphere it really seemed good to know that the worn and emaciated frames, the great load of long standing and accumulated sorrow, might be placed in a beautiful receptacle and given to earth again while the soul betook itself to another condition, free perhaps in a measure from much of life's worry and no less of sunshine and friendship than was here on earth or ever will be."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Farming One Hundred Years Hence.

Should our population increase as rapidly during the coming 100 years as in the last 50 it will be not less than 400,000,000. I am, however, inclined to think it will not so increase. For one thing, we will not have the same inducements to offer to immigrants. When the price of land goes up, as it is bound to do, and its acquisition requires more money; when more capital is required to undertake farming, except on the smallest scale, and truck farms near cities bring a high rent and call for the greatest intelligence as well as industry on the part of the farmer—one of the chief inducements to foreigners seeking our shores—namely, the acquisition of farms of their own—will disappear. At the same time the liberal tendencies of all civilized countries, even under monarchial governments, will lessen the number of those who leave the older countries for the sake of greater political freedom.

Emigration to the United States will consist more and more of a few comparatively well to do persons seeking opportunities for the profitable investment of a small capital, and who, possessing some education and training in the art of self government, will readily amalgamate with our own people, or of the poorest classes well content to serve for a time in the ranks of labor, provided the rate of wages is high enough to reward their frugality with moderate savings. — Ex-Secretary Rusk in North American Review.

One of Ruskin's Letters.

John Ruskin, writing in 1867 to his pupil, Ward, indited these strange sentences:

You may write me whatever you like to talk about, provided you write large and clear. You may trust to the truth of my sympathy, but you must remember that I am engaged in the investigation of enormous religious and moral questions, in the history of nations, and that your feelings, or my own, or anybody else's, at any particular moment, are of very little interest to me, not from want of sympathy, but from the small proportion the individuality bears to the whole subject of my inquiry.

I have no affections, having had them three times over torn out of me by the roots—most fatally the last time within the last year. I hope to be kind and just to all persons, and of course I like and dislike, but my word "affectionately" means only—that I should have loved people if I were not dead.

As a matter of practical fact, you may always trust to my kindness in a due proportion as you stand among other people who require it, and to my understanding sympathy in proportion also. But I have no pleasure myself now in any human relation. Knowing this, you will be able to understand a good deal in my ways of going on otherwise inexplicable.

An Early Experience of Bishop Brooks.

Dr. Edward Swasey of this city sends the following story, which relates to the boyhood of the late Bishop Brooks:

When a mere lad, he with one of his brothers was sent on a short visit to his aunt, his father's only sister, on a well stocked farm in Maine.

They both were making the most of their holiday and enjoying to the full measure every moment of their time. But at length Sunday morning came and with it the sound of church bells and the usual family preparations to attend church. But the boy Phil had suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he had betaken himself to. Diligent search was made both through the house and through the barn for him, but he did not appear. At last my mother looked under the bed in the guest's chamber (the least frequented chamber in a country house), and there she found the future bishop of Massachusetts.

Poor boy, he had probably had some inkling of what the church service meant in those days in a Congregational country church, both as to duration and the length of the sermon! His little scheme to secure a forenoon out of doors rather than spend it shut up in church had been frustrated. He was brought into the light, however, and taken to church. —Boston Saturday Gazette.

He Could Read It.

Clerk—I can't read this letter. The handwriting is very bad.

Mr. Flareup—Pshaw, any donkey can read it. Give it here.—Texas Siftings.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1439 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4450 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; P J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrons Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Barr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Cilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3754 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6065 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div 37—John P Deuhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 338 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 338 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st; James H. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V. P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morsn, C R 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W nthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 348 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr F Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st. Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J A O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 538 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Class st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 42d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9227 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James O Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williens. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Bore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E L Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Loozier, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Scamilleschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John O'Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Denean, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebrecht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Albach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 169 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, at Lecl hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 375 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 1st and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1000 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Drase, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2553 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2330 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 55. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $58.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.55.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is leweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.95. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case

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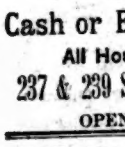

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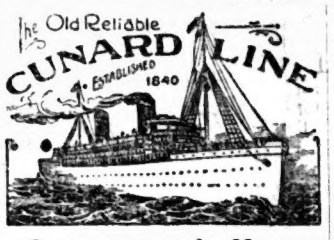

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